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CRIME

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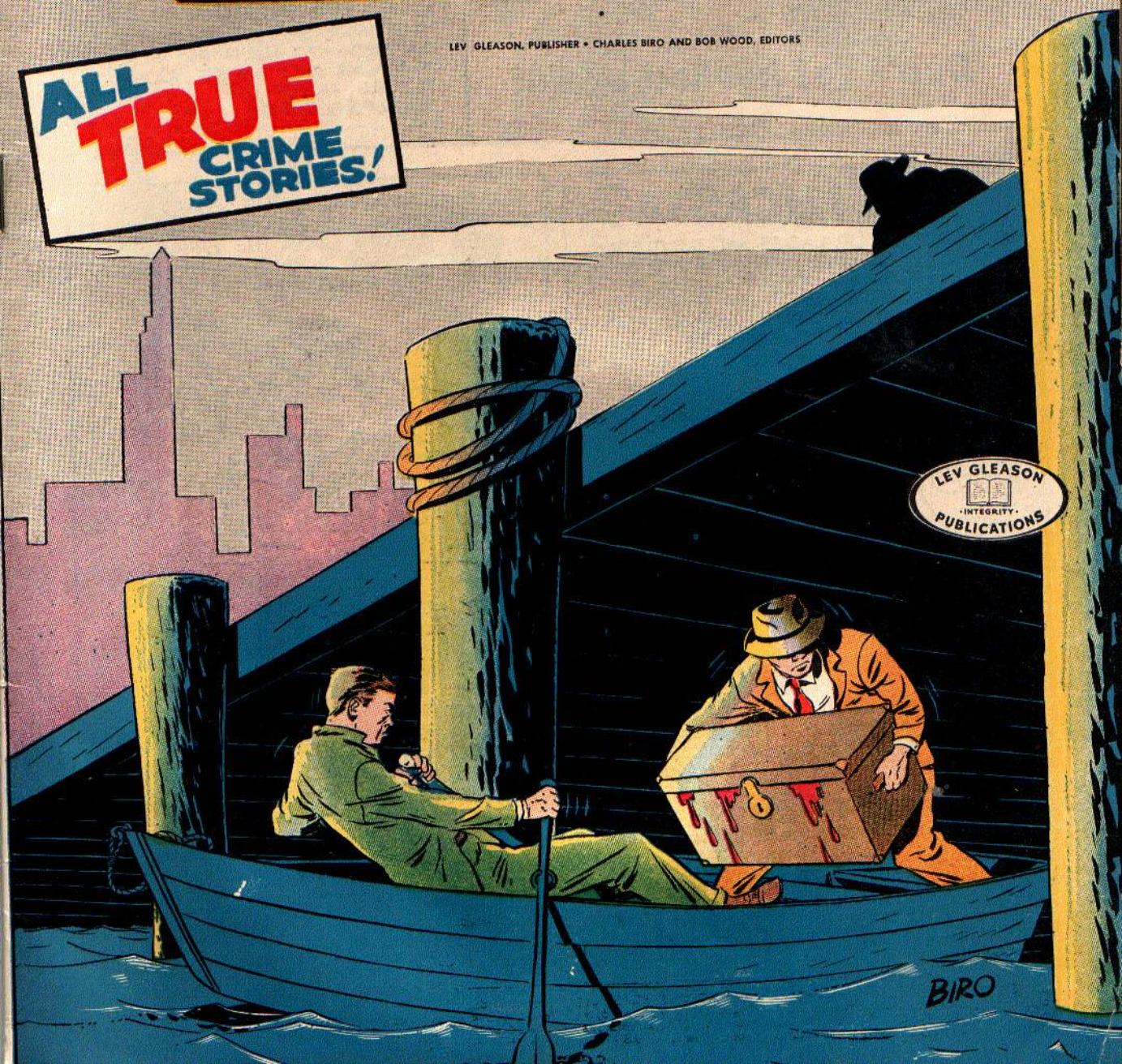
NO. 39

DOES NOT PAY

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

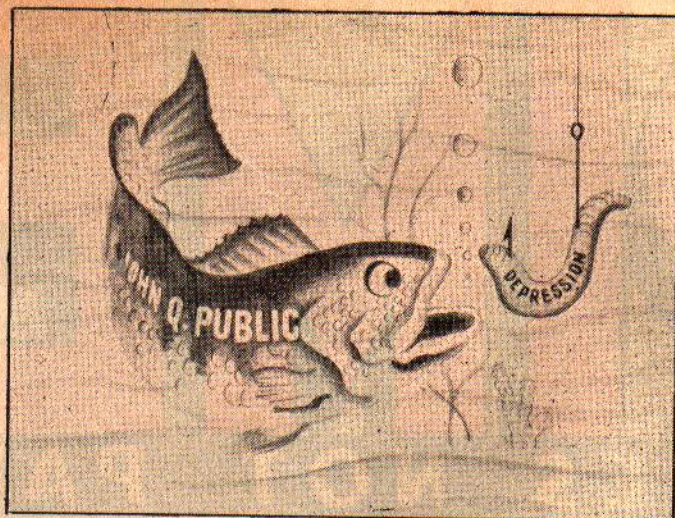
**ALL
TRUE
CRIME
STORIES!**

LEV GLEASON
PUBLICATIONS
"INTEGRITY"





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



Don't get hooked again!

TO AVOID THE KIND OF DEPRESSION WE HAD AFTER THE LAST WAR—**WE MUST HEAD OFF INFLATION NOW!** THE SMART THING TO DO IS TO SAVE, NOT SPLURGE! DON'T GET HOOKED AGAIN!

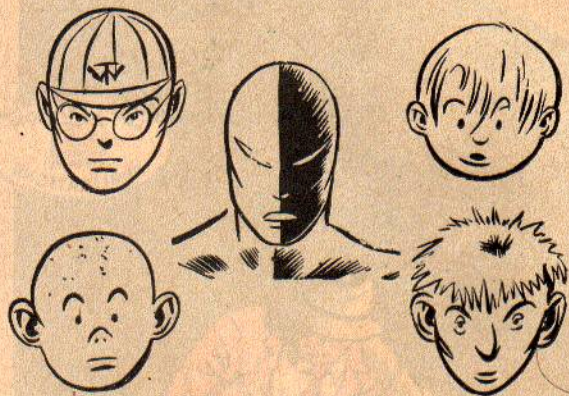
4 THINGS TO DO TO KEEP PRICES DOWN AND AVOID ANOTHER DEPRESSION—

1. BUY ONLY WHAT YOU REALLY NEED.
2. WHEN YOU BUY, PAY NO MORE THAN CEILING PRICES. PAY YOUR RATION POINTS IN FULL.
3. KEEP YOUR OWN PRICES DOWN. DON'T TAKE ADVANTAGE OF WAR CONDITIONS TO ASK MORE FOR YOUR LABOR, YOUR SERVICES, OR THE GOODS YOU SELL.
4. SAVE! BUY AND HOLD ALL THE WAR BONDS YOU CAN AFFORD—TO HELP PAY FOR THE WAR AND INSURE YOUR FUTURE. KEEP UP YOUR INSURANCE!



WHO IS LUCASTA?

STEP UP, STEP UP, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! PRESENTING FOR THE FIRST TIME THE GREAT LUCASTA—SEES ALL KNOWS ALL—HE IS THE GREATEST CHALLENGE TO LAW AND ORDER EVER ENCOUNTERED BY DAREDEVIL AND THE LITTLE WISE GUYS!!



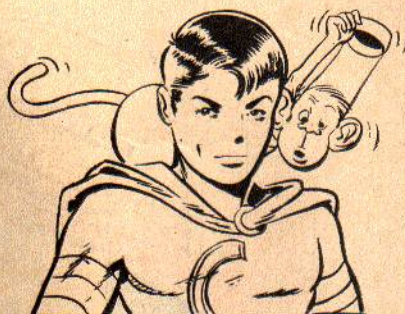
DANGER AND DEATH LURKS AT EVERY TURN—DON'T FAIL TO READ THIS PULSATING DRAMA IN THE CURRENT ISSUE OF

DAREDEVIL!

Get it on your newsstand

TODAY!

WHAT TERROR GRIPS THE HEARTS OF CRIMEBUSTER AND SQUEEKS AS THEIR EYES FASTEN UPON THE GREATEST MYSTERY THAT HAS EVER CHALLENGED THE MIND OF MAN?



There ARE QUESTIONS THAT MUST AND WILL BE ANSWERED—BUT AT A TERRIFIC PRICE!

- #1. WHY WAS THE DIRELECT SHIP FLOUNDERING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PACIFIC?
- #2. WHO AND WHERE WERE THE CREW?
- #3. WILL CRIMEBUSTER HAVE THE COURAGE TO BOARD HER AND INVESTIGATE?
- #4. WILL CRIMEBUSTER HEED SQUEEKS' ANIMAL INSTINCT OF THE DANGER?

These ANY MANY OTHER BAFFLING QUESTIONS WILL ALL BE ANSWERED IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

BOY
COMICS

on your newsstand **Soon!**

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

KING *of the* KILLER MOUNTAIN

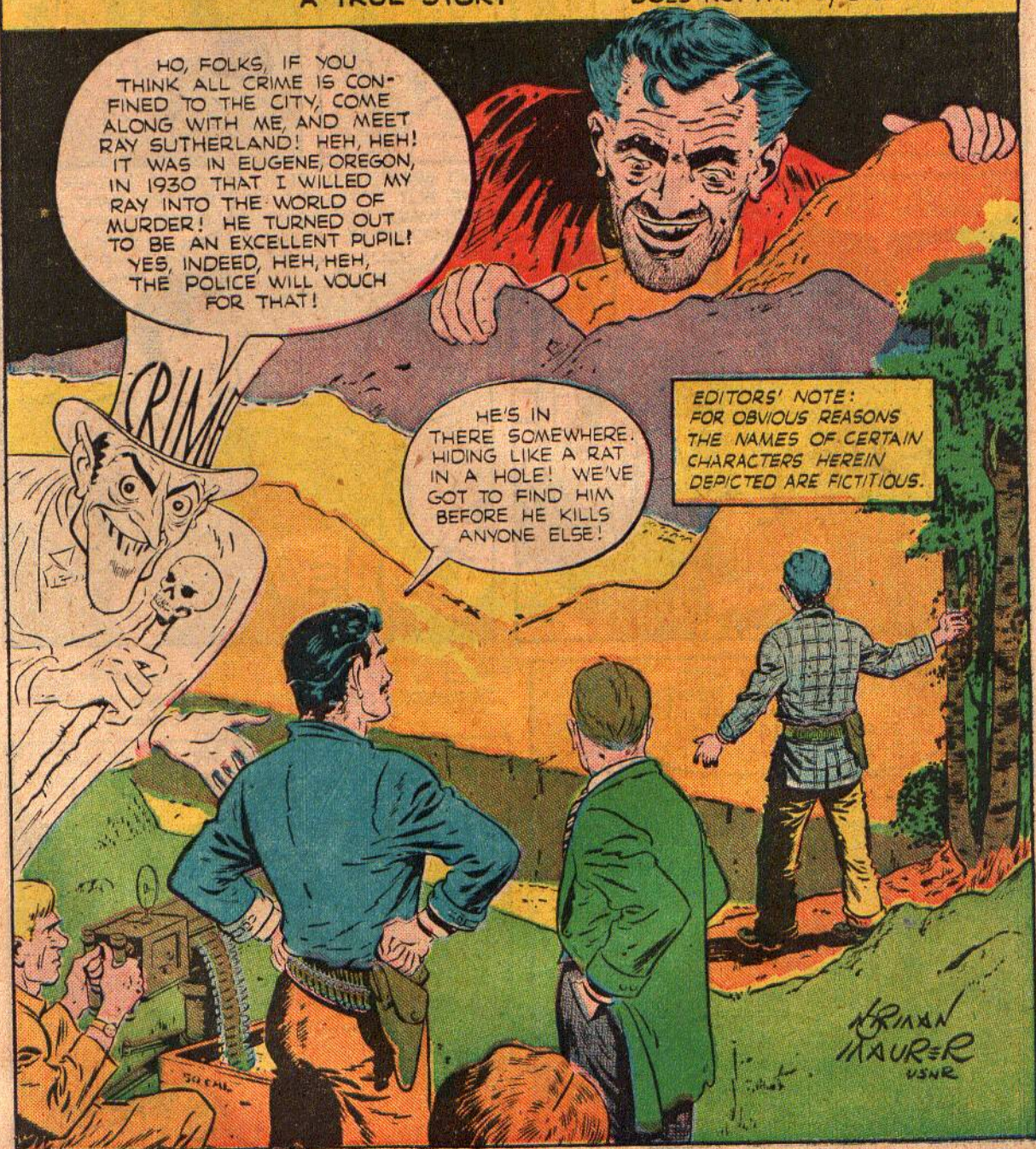
A TRUE STORY

ADAPTED FOR "CRIME
DOES NOT PAY" BY DICK WOOD

HO, FOLKS, IF YOU
THINK ALL CRIME IS CON-
FINED TO THE CITY, COME
ALONG WITH ME, AND MEET
RAY SUTHERLAND! HEH, HEH!
IT WAS IN EUGENE, OREGON,
IN 1930 THAT I WILLED MY
RAY INTO THE WORLD OF
MURDER! HE TURNED OUT
TO BE AN EXCELLENT PUPIL!
YES, INDEED, HEH, HEH,
THE POLICE WILL VOUCH
FOR THAT!

HE'S IN
THERE SOMEWHERE.
HIDING LIKE A RAT
IN A HOLE! WE'VE
GOT TO FIND HIM
BEFORE HE KILLS
ANYONE ELSE!

EDITORS' NOTE:
FOR OBVIOUS REASONS
THE NAMES OF CERTAIN
CHARACTERS HEREIN
DEPICTED ARE FICTITIOUS.



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

"RAY WASN'T A YOUNG MAN, BUT HE HAD THE HOT-HEADEDNESS THAT I DEMAND OF MY PUPILS!"



"THIS IS MY TERRITORY! I KNOW MORE ABOUT THE WOODS AN' MOUNTAINS THAN ANYONE ELSE—THAT'S WHY I'M GONNA BOSS 'EM!"

"WELL, IF YOU'RE THE BOSS, SUTHERLAND, YOU SHOULD BE THE RICHEST. WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT?"



"YEAH—I'M SICK OF TH' SHERIFF AN' DEPUTIES GIVING ORDERS AROUND HERE! I'M TH' SMARTEST GUY IN TH' WHOLE VALLEY!"

"AN' BY THUNDER, I'LL KILL THE FIRST OFFICER TO STEP FOOT IN HERE... PARTICULARLY THAT DOG, JOHN HANSON!"



"HO, FOLKS, THERE'S HANSON NOW!"

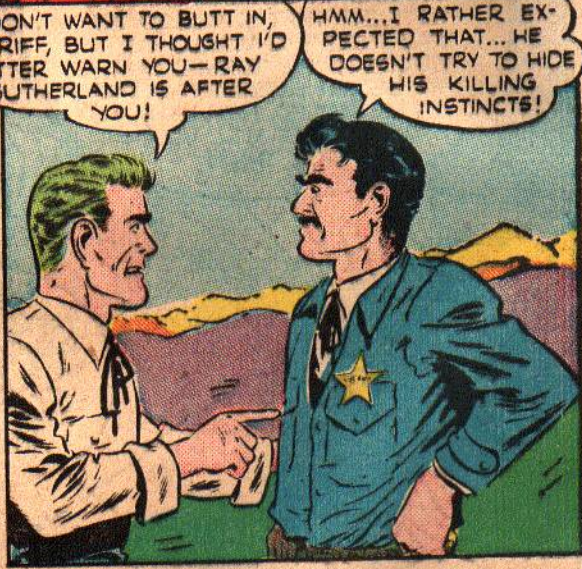


"OH, SHERIFF HANSON..."

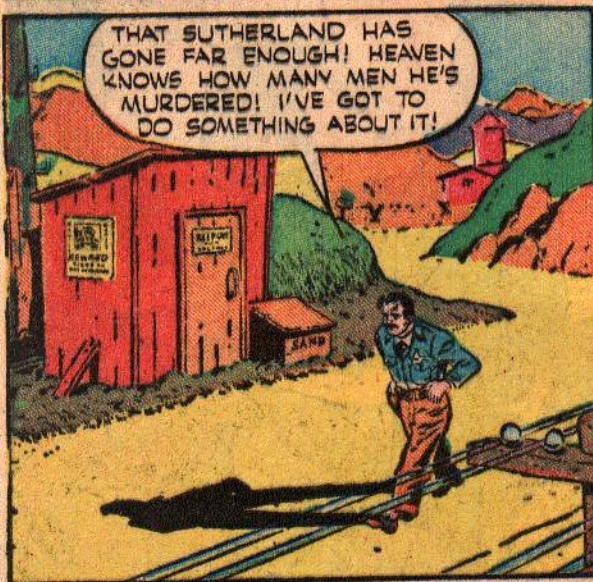
"YES, RALPH!"

"I DON'T WANT TO BUTT IN, SHERIFF, BUT I THOUGHT I'D BETTER WARN YOU—RAY SUTHERLAND IS AFTER YOU!"

"HMM... I RATHER EXPECTED THAT... HE DOESN'T TRY TO HIDE HIS KILLING INSTINCTS!"



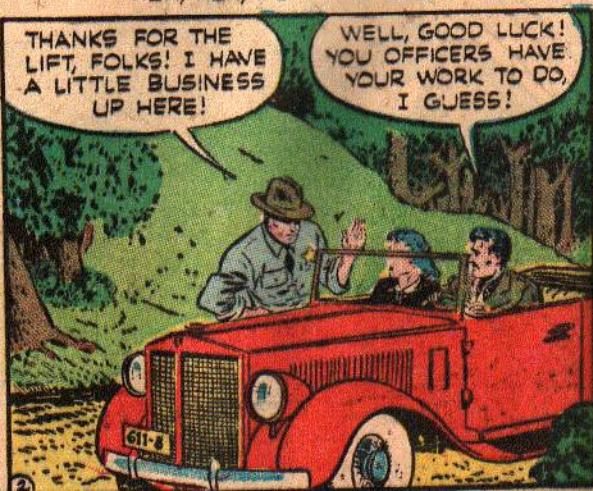
"THAT SUTHERLAND HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH! HEAVEN KNOWS HOW MANY MEN HE'S MURDERED! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!"



"BUT IN THE MEANTIME, THE SHERIFF'S GOOD FRIEND, BOB TUMEY, WAS TRYING TO HELP! HEH, HEH, AS IF HE COULD!"

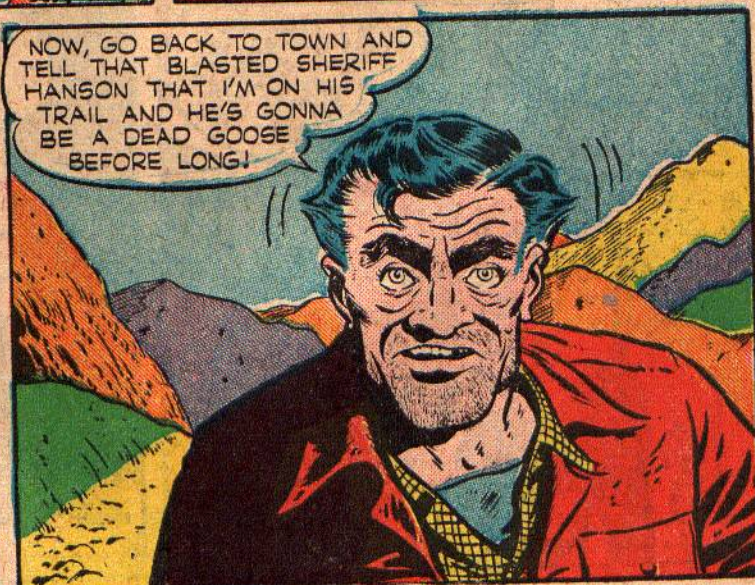
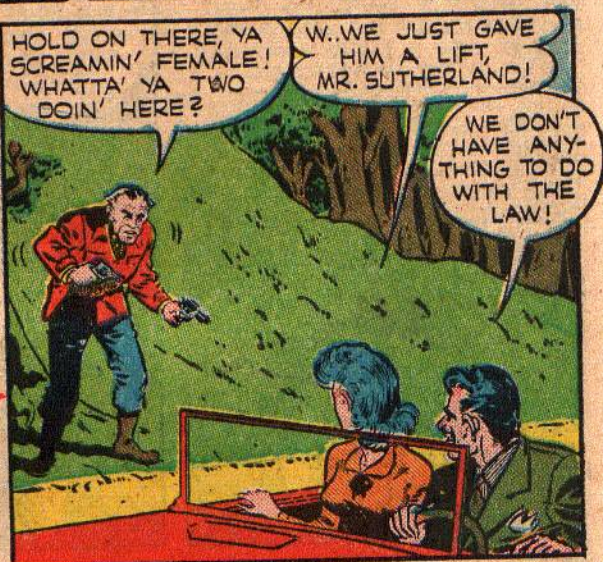
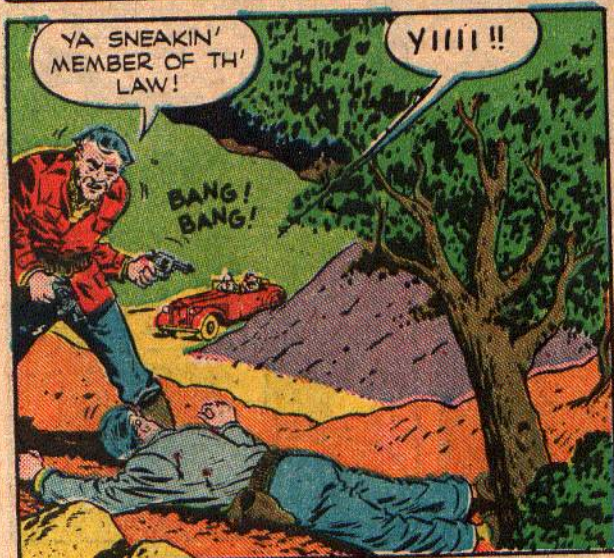
"THANKS FOR THE LIFT, FOLKS! I HAVE A LITTLE BUSINESS UP HERE!"

"WELL, GOOD LUCK! YOU OFFICERS HAVE YOUR WORK TO DO, I GUESS!"



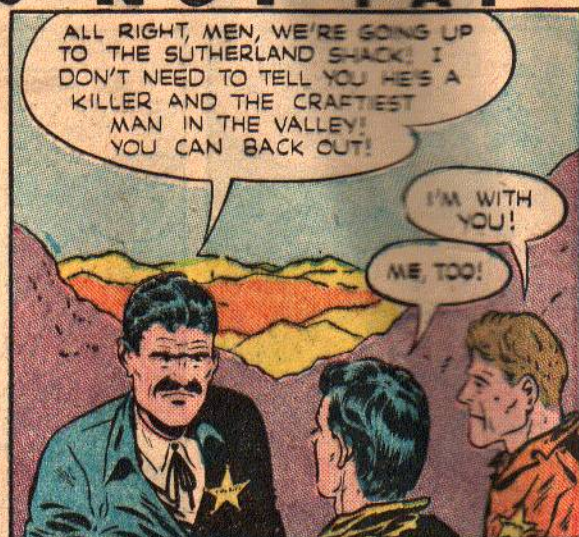
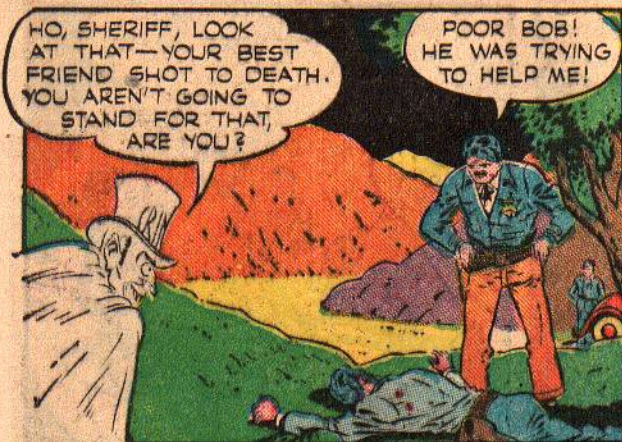
CRIME DOES NOT PAY

"HO, MY RAY WAS FAST WITH HIS GUNS!
HA, HA! TUMNEY WAS A CRACK SHOT,
BUT IT DIDN'T DO HIM ANY GOOD!"



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

"THAT'S HOW IT STARTED, FOLKS,
AND I MADE SURE THAT IT WAS
A GOOD CHASE!"

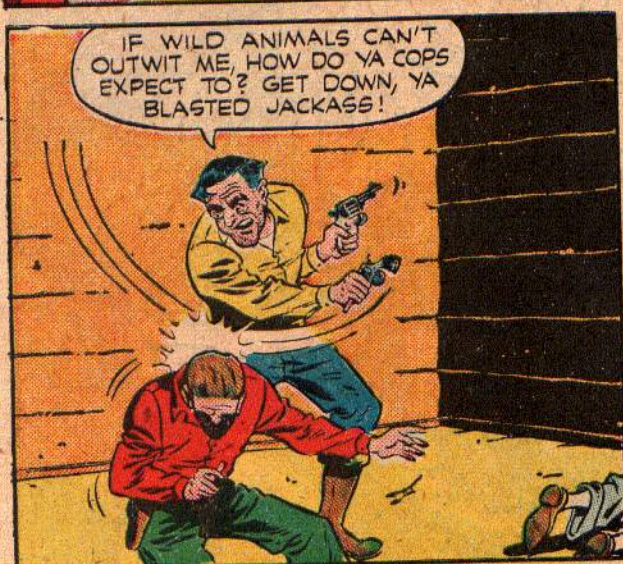
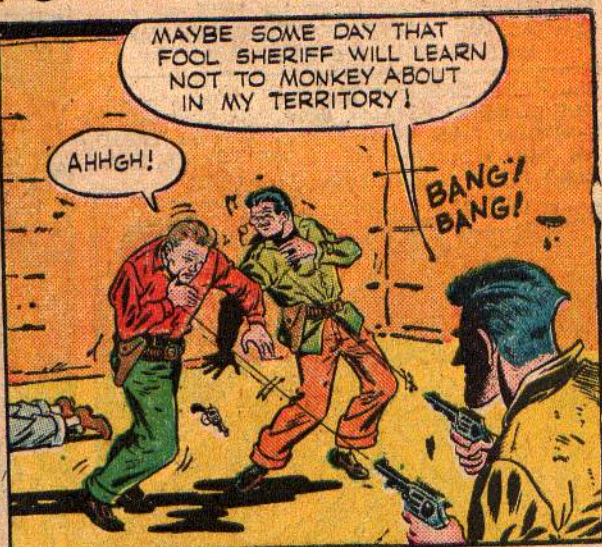


"IT WAS FUN WATCHING THEM
SLINK THROUGH THE WOODS THAT
NIGHT, FOR I KNEW WHAT WAS
IN STORE FOR THEM!"



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

"HO, IT WAS GREAT WATCHING THE EXPRESSION ON THEIR FACES THAT DAY!"



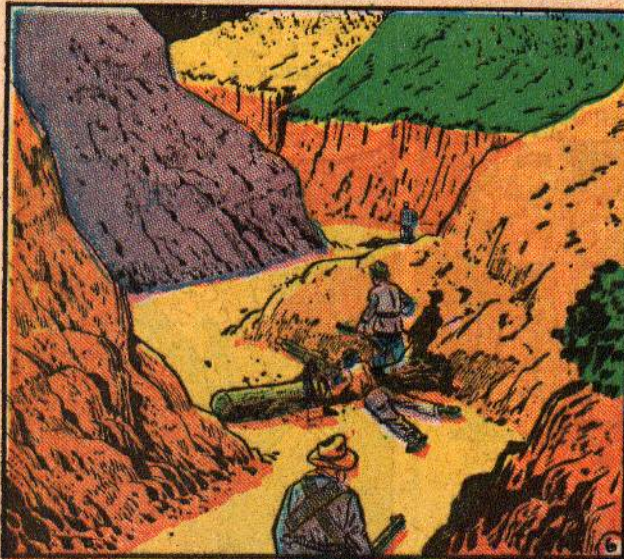
CRIME DOES NOT PAY

"HO, THE SHERIFF LOST NO TIME IN CONTACTING STATE OFFICIALS! MY RAY WAS A REAL BIG SHOT NOW!"

ALL RIGHT, SHERIFF, WE'LL SEND YOU THIRTEEN MEN WITHIN TEN HOURS—ALSO FOUR MACHINE GUNS!

FINE! AND I'LL BE SENDING YOU SUTHERLAND WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, DEAD OR ALIVE!

HEH, HEH, HEH! SUCH A FUSS! THE SHERIFF HAD OVER FIVE HUNDRED MEN SEARCHING FOR MY RAY! THE FOOLS—LITTLE DID THEY REALIZE WHAT THEY WERE IN FOR!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



"HO, WHAT A FOOL HANSON WAS, FOR AT THIS VERY MOMENT...



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



BUT WHY DICKERSON'S COTTAGE?

SHE USED TO BE HIS WIFE YEARS AGO! THERE'S A CHANCE SHE MIGHT KNOW HIS WHEREABOUTS!



MRS. DICKERSON, WHAT INFORMATION ON RAY SUTHERLAND CAN YOU GIVE ME—HAS HE BEEN HERE?

HAVEN'T SEEN HIM! GOODBYE!



ONE MOMENT—IF HE HASN'T BEEN HERE, WHAT'S HIS HAT DOING ON THE WALL?

OH, VERY WELL—HE CAME HERE BUT SAID HE'D KILL ME IF I TOLD YOU! WHAT ELSE COULD I DO?



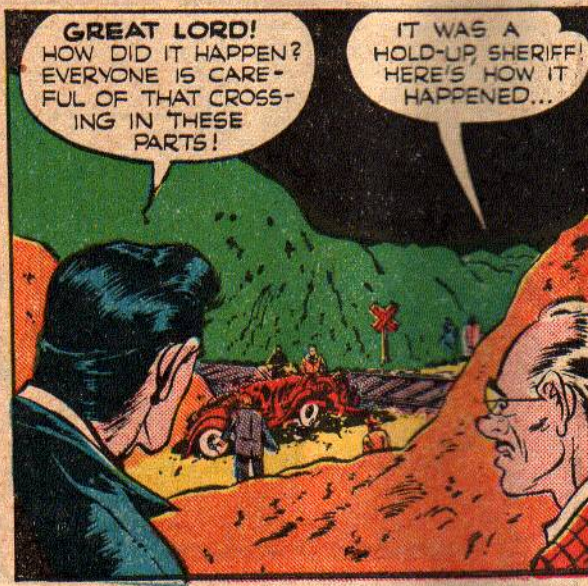
NOT MUCH, I GUESS—OH, OH!



SNIFF, SNIFF! JUST AS I THOUGHT—NO SENSE USING THE BLOODHOUNDS, BOYS! SUTHERLAND IS TOO SMART! HE'S STAMPED ABOUT IN THIS TUB OF ONIONS! A DOG WON'T FOLLOW HIS SCENT NOW—THE DEVIL!



SHERIFF, SHERIFF! THERE'S BEEN AN ACCIDENT! IT WAS HORRIBLE! COME QUICKLY!



GREAT LORD! HOW DID IT HAPPEN? EVERYONE IS CAREFUL OF THAT CROSSING IN THESE PARTS!

IT WAS A HOLD-UP, SHERIFF! HERE'S HOW IT HAPPENED...

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

HO, FOLKS!
I'LL SHOW YOU
WHAT HAPPENED!

"MY RAY NEEDED A BIT MORE CASH SO I
ESCORTED HIM DOWNTOWN THROUGH THE
POLICE NET."

COME
ALONG, RAY!
WE'LL FIND
YOU SOME
MONEY!

BAH! THEY
CAN'T KEEP ME
PENNED UP LIKE
AN ANIMAL!

"SUDDENLY, RIGHT BEFORE OUR EYES!"

WELL, WHAT DO YA
KNOW—A TRUCK
LOAD OF DAMES!
HA, HA! THEY SHOULD
HAVE SOME CASH
AMONG 'EM!

SURE, RAY!
GO GET
IT!

C'MON, LADIES, HAND
OVER YER BAGS BEFORE.
I MAKE YER HUSBANDS
BACHELORS!

YIIII!

A..A..
HOLD-
UP!

IT'S RAY
SUTHERLAND—
THE KILLER!

"SUDDENLY, AT THIS MOMENT, THE TRAIN CAME
ROARING ALONG, AND THE FOOLISH FRIGHT-
ENED DRIVER'S FOOT SLIPPED ON THE CLUTCH."

"HEH, HEH, IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT WATCH-
ING THE CAR SMASH INTO A HUNDRED PIECES.
RAY AND I REALLY ENJOYED IT!"

TOOT
TOOT

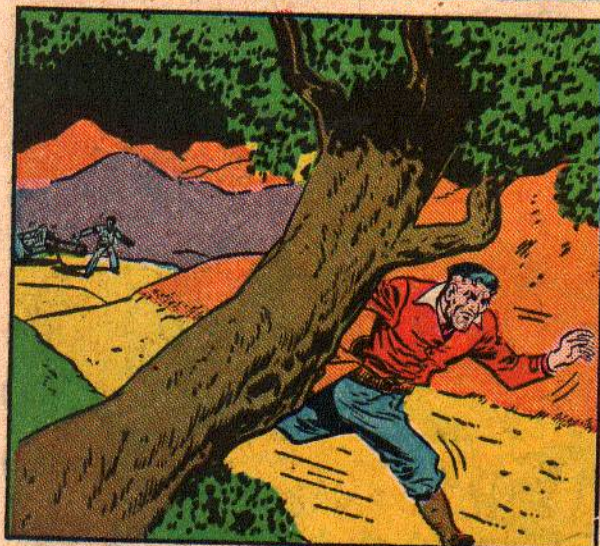
OH..H.H.

STOP!
STOP!
STOP!

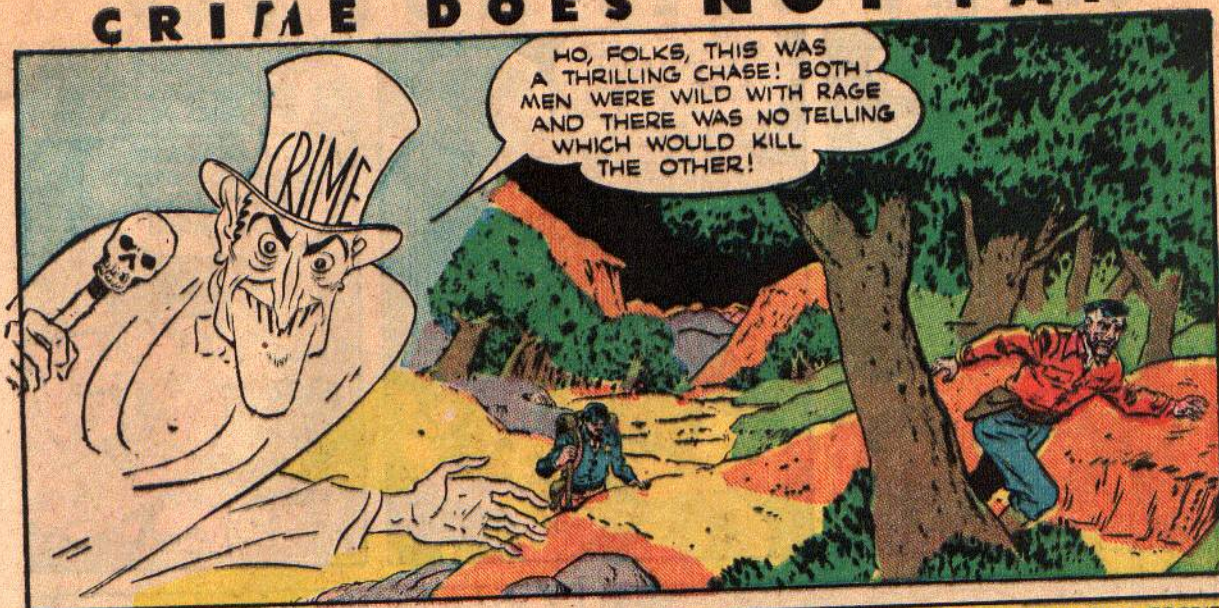
HEY, COME
BACK, YA
CO-XXI!

CRASH

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



"THE DAYS PASSED—MY RAY SLEEPING IN THE WOODS LIKE AN ANIMAL BY DAY, THE SHERIFF BECOMING WEAKER AND WEAKER!"



"HO, BUT I HAD TO GIVE THE SHERIFF CREDIT. HE HAD PLENTY OF COURAGE, ALL RIGHT!"



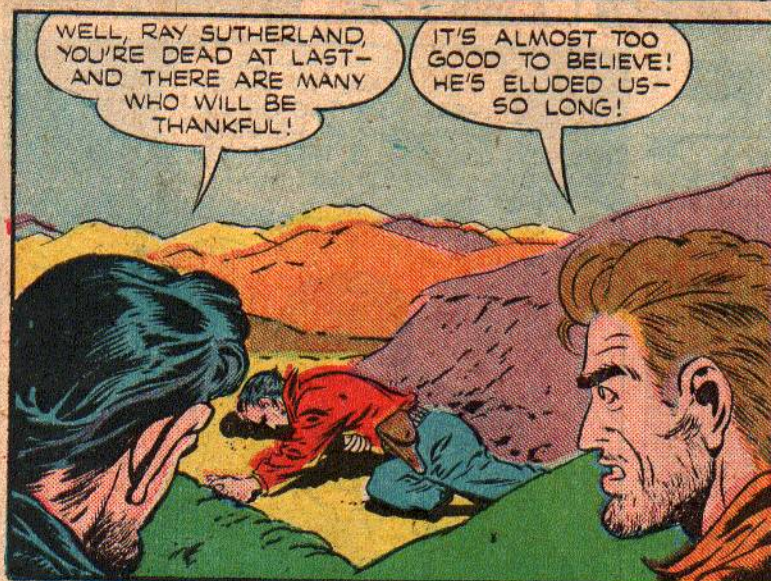
"FINALLY, A WEEK LATER, THE SHERIFF FUMBLER ON SOMETHING THAT MADE MY BLOOD RUN COLD!"



"THAT'S A CHANCE WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE! THERE ARE TWO OF US—REMEMBER, IF HE GETS ONE OF US, THE OTHER SHOULD GET HIM!"



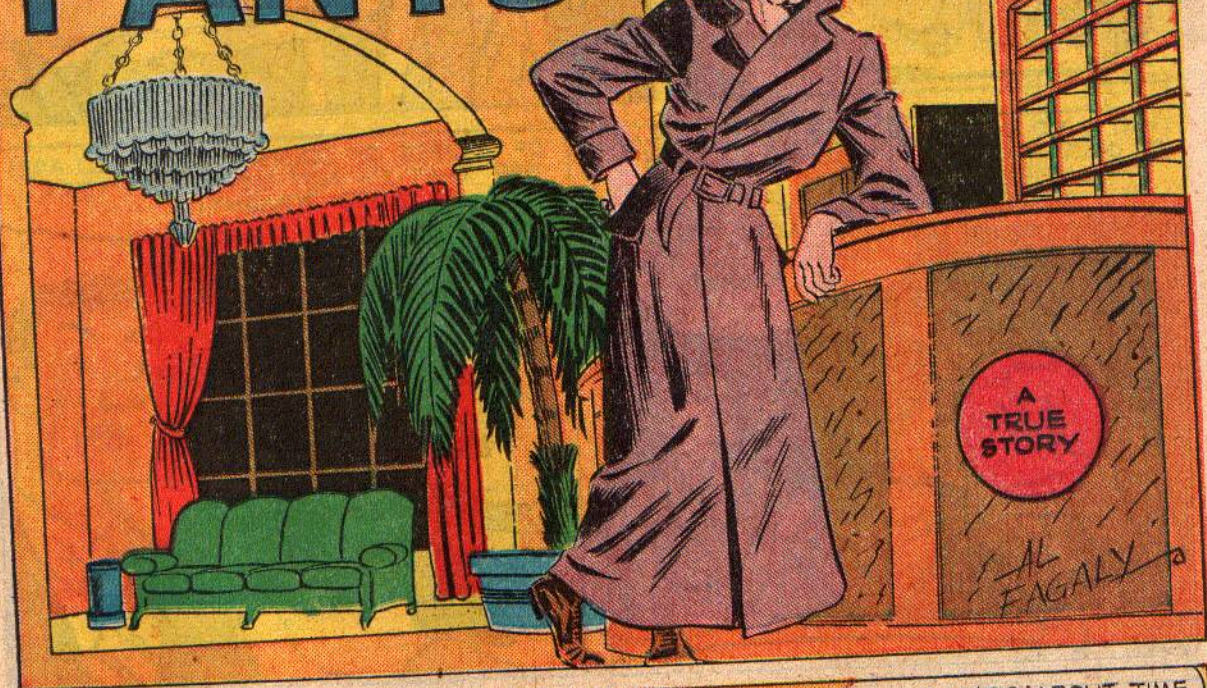
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CRIME DOES NOT PAY

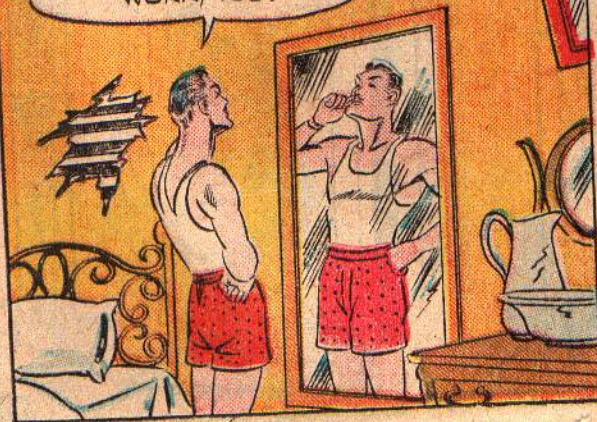
The CASE of the MISSING PANTS

MEET OVERCOAT JOE, A SMOOTH BABY IN THE RACKETS, BUT NOT QUITE SLICK ENOUGH FOR OLD MAN JUSTICE!



LET'S SEE HOW THIS DAPPER DAN OPERATED.

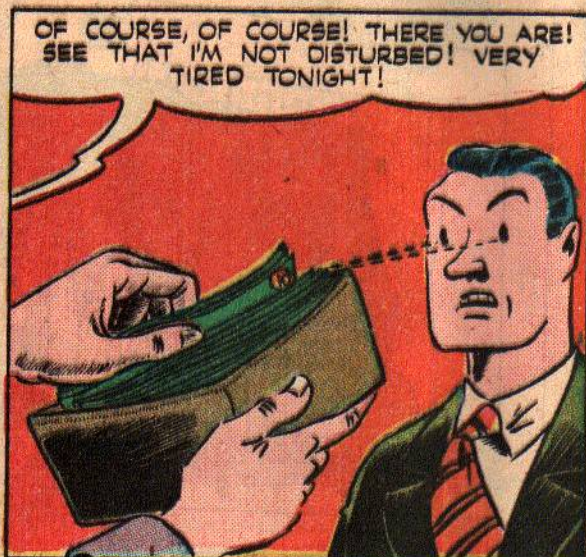
MY, MY, JOE OLD LAD, YOU DON'T LOOK A BIT OLDER THAN YOU DID LAST YEAR— AND YOU'VE DONE SO MUCH WORK, TOO!



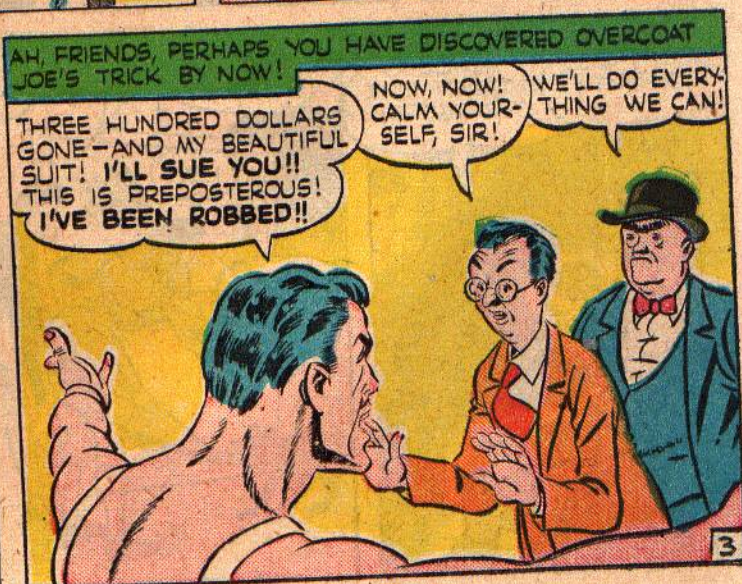
AH, WELL, 'TIS 'ABOUT TIME I MADE MYSELF A FEW HUNDRED DOLLARS AGAIN!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

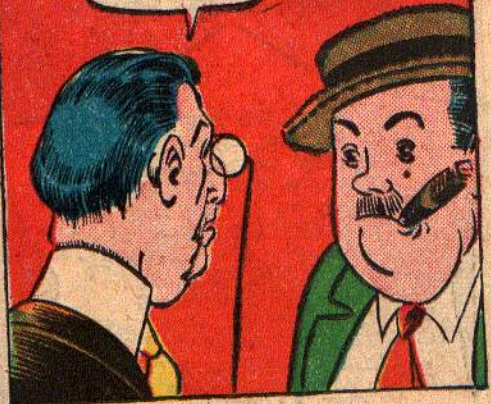
ONCE MORE CAME THE MORNING...

DEAR, DEAR, WE'LL BE DISGRACED! THEY'LL GET A NEW MANAGER!

WHAT'S THE MATTER? SOMETHING WRONG THIS MORNING?

I'LL SAY THERE IS! SOME-ONE STOLE THE CLOTHES AND MONEY OF A VERY IMPORTANT GUEST! TOOK EVERYTHING! YOU'D BETTER COME ALONG!

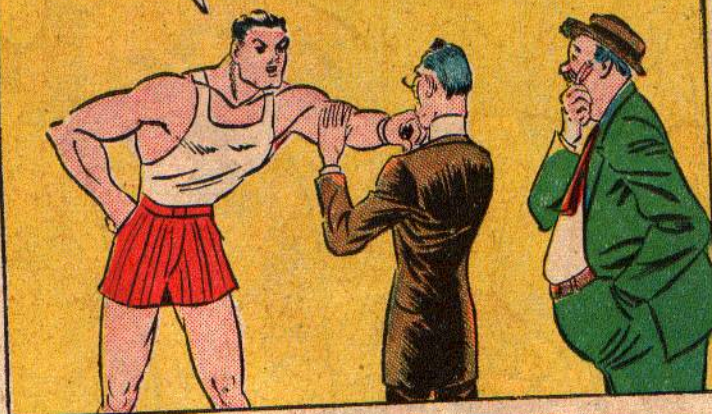
IZZAT SO? MIGHTY BAD!



CALL THE POLICE! I WANT MY CLOTHES BACK! YOU'LL SUFFER FOR THIS!

PLEASE, PLEASE! QUIET!

WELL, WELL, SO YOU LOST YOUR CLOTHES AND MONEY, DID YOU? TSK-TSK!

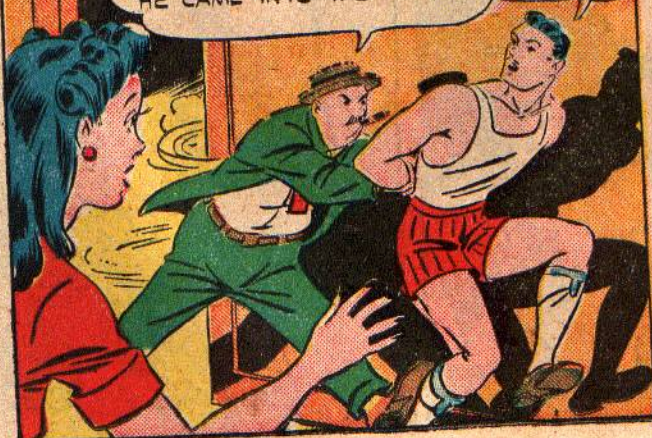


E-E-E-E-E!!

CALL THE POLICE IS RIGHT! THIS BIRD'S A CROOK! HE DIDN'T HAVE ANY CLOTHES WHEN HE CAME INTO THE PLACE!

STOP! STOP! YOU MUST BE MAD!

NOW WHO WOULD EVER THINK THE EXCLUSIVE BEARING CROSS HOTEL OF LONDON WOULD DO THIS TO ONE OF THEIR GUESTS! THERE AIN'T NO JUSTICE!



SO THERE YOU HAVE IT JUST LIKE WE SAID—CRIME DOES NOT PAY!!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

BLONDE QUEEN OF CRIME

INTRODUCING THE BEAUTIFUL CASQUE D'OR, FEMALE GANG LEADER OF PARIS... FOR YEARS NONE KNEW OF HER GIGANTIC CRIMINAL NETWORK AND WELL INDEED DID SHE LEAD AND MANIPULATE HER KILL-CRAZED PUPPETS... BUT THEN AN ASTONISHING THING HAPPENED AND HER CASTLES OF CRIME TOTTERED! ...COULD THE PARIS POLICE DEAL WITH THE MISTRESS OF MURDER...?

A TRUE STORY

R. PALAIS

POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

IT'S FANTASTIC... FANTASTIC I TELL YOU... EVEN A MASTER CRIMINAL COULD NOT COMMIT SUCH ASTONISHING CRIMES!

YES, YES... THEY ARE INGENIOUS INDEED!!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

TAKE THIS CRIME FOR EXAMPLE... ROOM LOCKED TIGHTLY INSIDE AND OUT...YET A HEAVY STEEL BOX OF JEWELS WAS STOLEN! GAD IF I ONLY HAD A SHERLOCK HOLMES...

THERE MUST BE AN ANSWER SOMEWHERE!!

WELL, MEN...I'VE EXPLAINED THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS TO YOU...WE HAVE DISCOVERED THAT ONE BAND OF SUPER SLEUTHS HAS BEEN CAUSING THESE CRIMES FOR YEARS... I'M AFRAID OUR DEPARTMENT IS GETTING A BAD NAME— SOMETHING DRASTIC MUST BE DONE...

OUI MONSIEUR!

AS I HAVE BEEN ATTEMPTING TO SOLVE THESE CRIMES FOR SOMETIME I FEEL MORE OR LESS RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR CONTINUANCE AND WISH TO PROPOSE A PLAN!

I WISH TO POSE AS AN APACHE WITH LUCK. I MAY MEET UP WITH THIS MOB!

AH CAPTAIN LAPOUTRE... YOU WILL HAVE THE COOPERATION OF ALL AND LET US HOPE YOU MEET WITH SUCCESS!

FOR WEEKS CAPTAIN LAPOUTRE WORKED THE PARIS UNDERWORLD THEN...

THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS SPOTS...PERHAPS I SHALL FIND MY FORTUNE HERE!

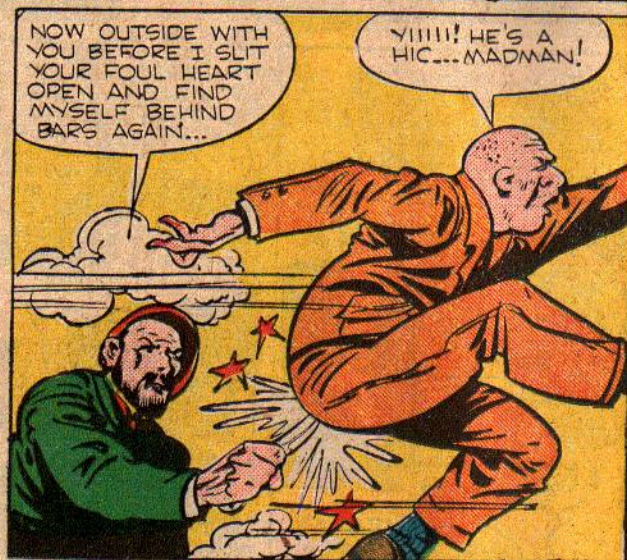
HO, WHO IS THIS BROTHER COMING IN... I DO NOT RECOGNIZE HIM AS A FRIEND!

AH, HE LOOKS TO BE IN NEED OF A FRIEND, I SHOULD SAY!

AND WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE, STRANGER? --HIC-- I DON'T LIKE YOU!

THAT APPEARS TO BE MY BUSINESS...STEP ASIDE... I WANT NO FOOLS' TALK!!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

LAPOUTRE WAS SOON USHERED INTO CRIMINAL CIRCLES AND 'PUT TO THE TEST'

JEAN HE SEEMS TO BE A GOOD ADDITION TO OUR GROUP.... STILL TONIGHT AT THE ROBBERY WE CAN TELL BETTER!

HE WILL COME THROUGH FINE, HA..HA.. I HAVE SEEN HIM WORK!!

AND LAPOUTRE DID COME THROUGH FINE...

LOOK AT MR. X FIGHT... GOOD GOOD!

STUPID POLICE-- HOW I HATE YOU-- BAH!



SUBEZZY

I GOT ONE OF THE RASCALS!

THEY'RE A TOUGH LOT BUT THIS ONE WILL TALK OR ELSE!

OH!! WHAT HIT ME?



ZOUNDS-- IT IS CAPTAIN LAPOUTRE!

MAYBE WE ARE BEING WATCHED... TAKE ME TO HEADQUARTERS QUICKLY--I'LL EXPLAIN!

HQ..LAPOUTRE YOU HAVE LEARNED SOMETHING?

PLENTY!

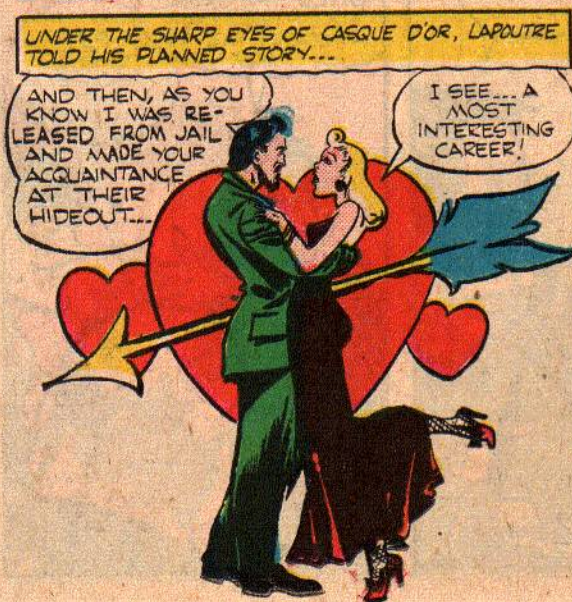
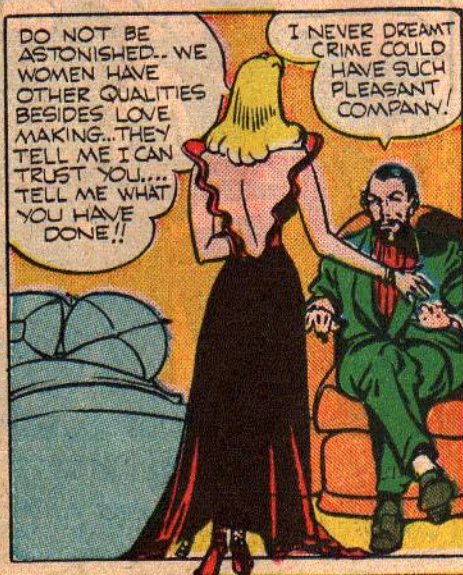
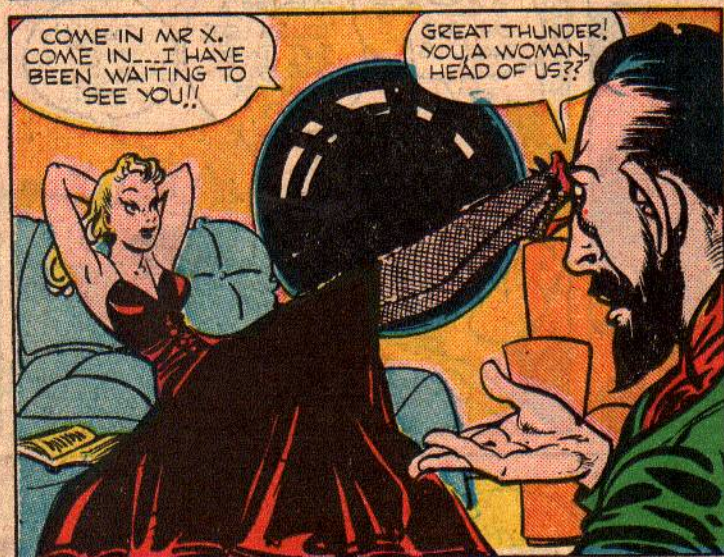


I HAVE ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO HANG A DOZEN OF THOSE DEVILS...BUT SOMEONE THAT IS NEVER SEEN GIVES THE ORDERS SOON THEY MAY PRESENT ME TO HIM!

BUT TIME IS GOING FAST!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE CAPTAIN SOON LEARNED MANY STARTLING THINGS...

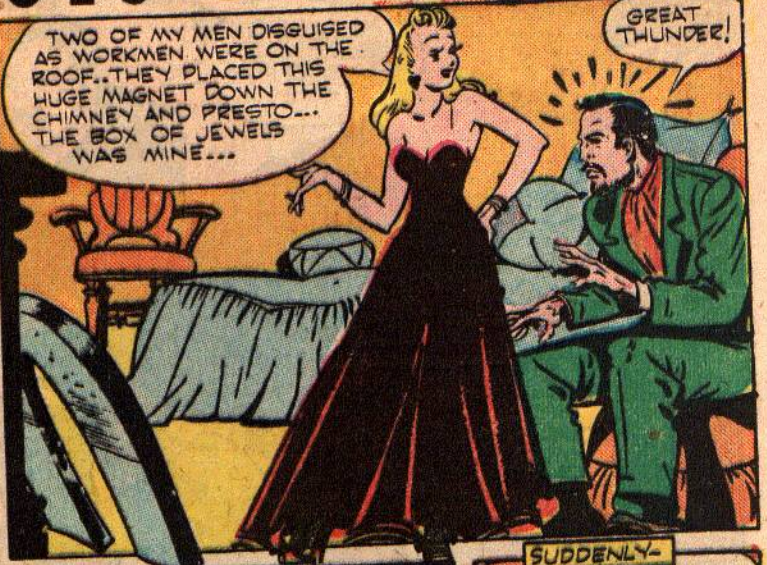
TELL ME, DARLING.. HOW DID YOU PULL THE JEWEL ROBBERY WITH WINDOWS AND DOORS LOCKED!??

HA-HA THAT WAS QUITE SIMPLE!! MY DEAR!



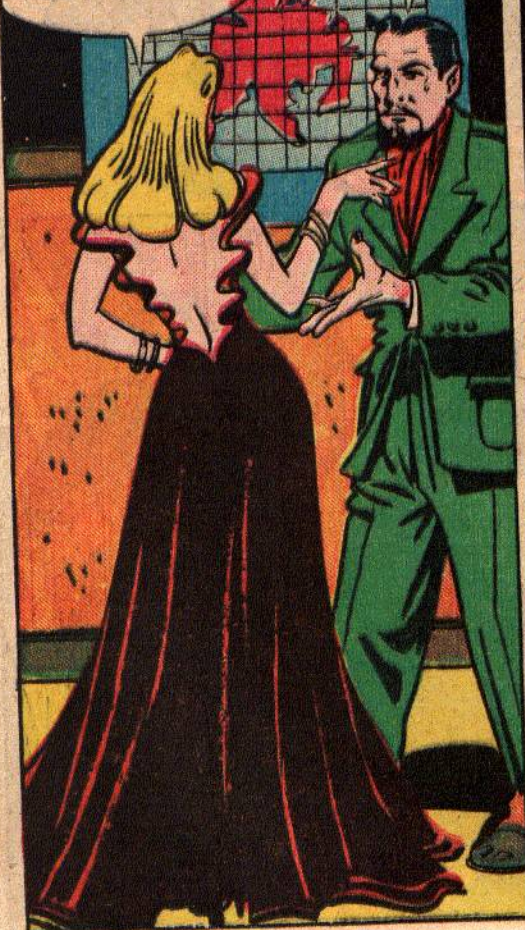
TWO OF MY MEN DISGUISED AS WORKMEN WERE ON THE ROOF.. THEY PLACED THIS HUGE MAGNET DOWN THE CHIMNEY AND PRESTO... THE BOX OF JEWELS WAS MINE...

GREAT THUNDER!



THESE ARE MY HIDEOUTS... SPREAD ALL OVER PARIS! I HAVE THREE HUNDRED OF THE CLEVEREST IN THE UNDERWORLD WORKING FOR ME!

YOU'RE OFFERING ME A GREAT DEAL, CASQUE... ARE YOU SURE YOU WISH TO?



THERE IS NOTHING TOO WONDERFUL FOR THE MAN I LOVE!



POLICE... HURRY! THEY ARE BREAKING IN!



THIS IS THE SHOWDOWN -- I'LL TURN HER IN BEFORE ANYONE GETS HURT!

DARLING-- DARLING-- COME WITH ME... A SECRET EXIT!!

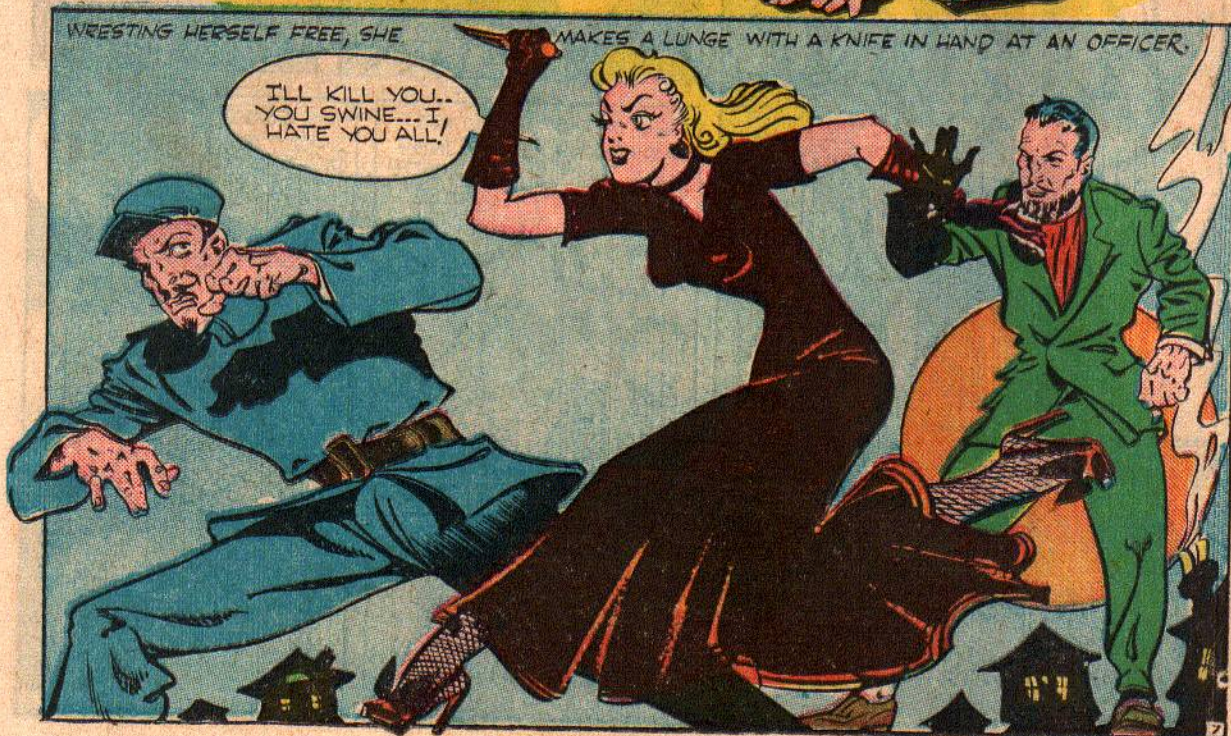


THE DOGS! -- HOW DID THEY DISCOVER US?

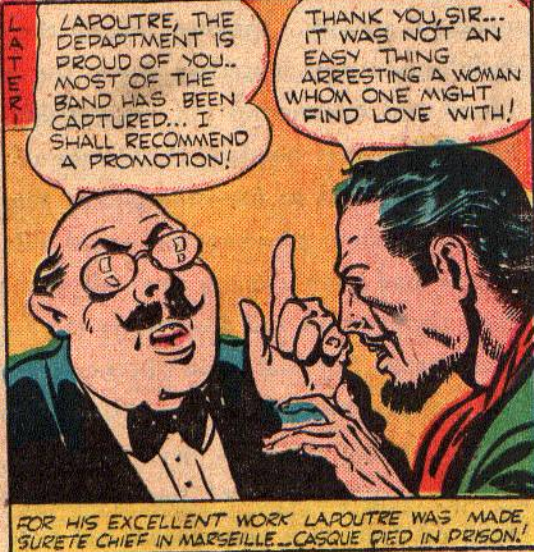
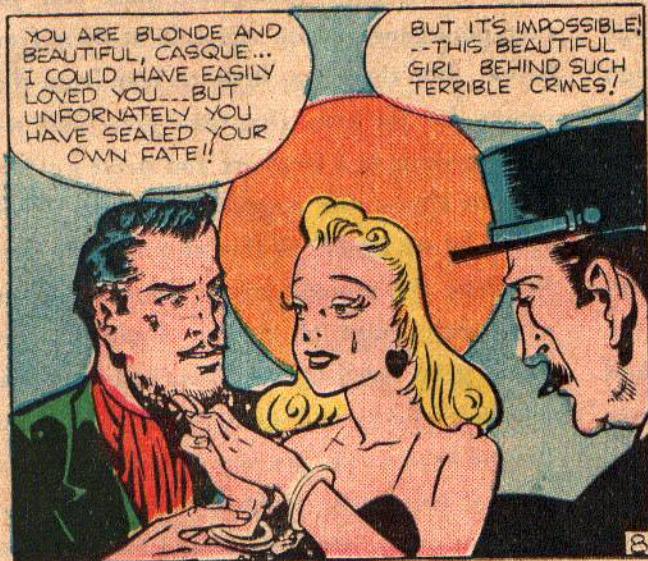
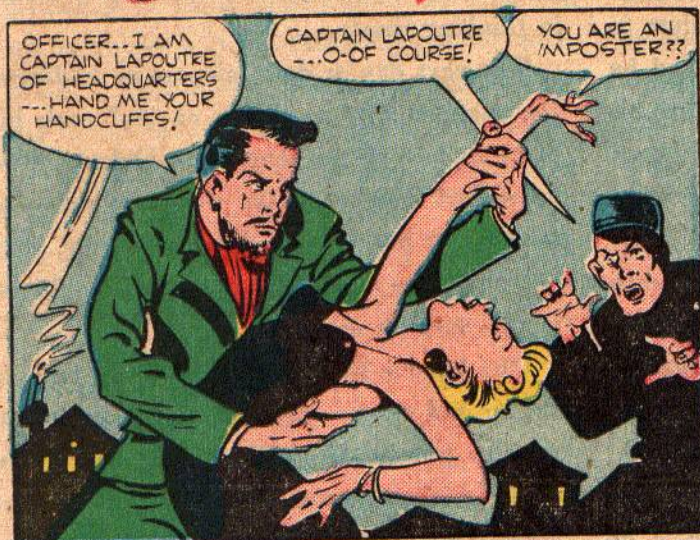
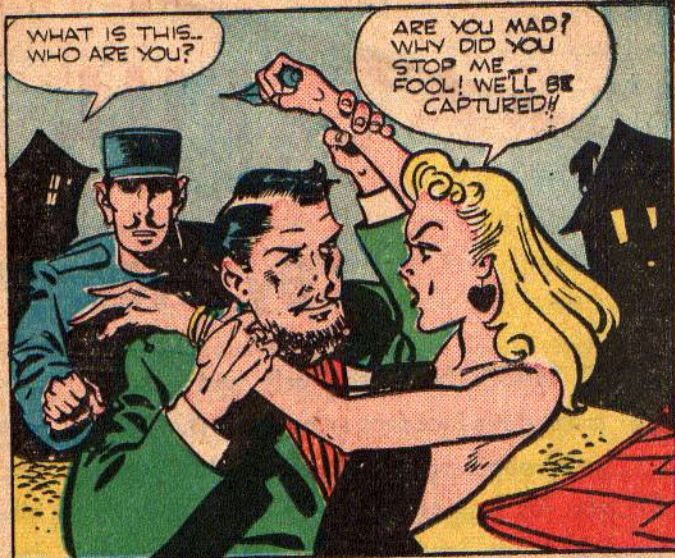
IT IS NO MATTER-- MOST OF US SHALL ESCAPE...



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



THE FATEFUL LETTER

By DICK WOOD

JOE MARVIN wrote freely and a smile crossed his face as he sat in the Army paratroop barracks. He was mighty happy for now his long training had ended and the word had just come through that they were shipping out. He had waited a long time to take his individual crack at the Japs and he could hardly restrain himself from telling his kid brother, Tom, all about it in the letter. But that would never do. No one was to know that his group was ready to swing from their silken chutes and smack the treacherous sons of Nippon. Joe contented himself with merely mentioning that Tom would not be hearing from him for awhile and not to worry.

Weeks later Joe stood on the broad beachhead of their captured Pacific island and watched with keen excitement the bustle of military activity. Further inland the huge bulldozers were battering down the rough island soil hammering out an airfield, from which the great bombers could take off, and more important to Joe—the gliders which he and his fellow paratroopers would fill. Jap planes had been coming over all day dropping their bombs and desperately strafing the beachhead. But that hadn't bothered Joe and his companions. They had strong airpower overhead and the Japs never dreamed that shortly a great fleet of paratroopers would take off from this very island and lash with

great fury at one of their strong bases many miles inland. Not realizing this, thought Joe, the Japs hadn't bothered to launch a serious all-out offensive against the island. How little Joe realized the tragic mistake he had made, in thinking thusly.

The next day at dawn all was in readiness. Joe snapped his parachute on and took his place in one of the long sleek gliders. How he wished Tom could be with him now—to take a seat beside him while the enemy, they both hated so much, was blasted into oblivion in this surprise attack.

One by one the huge ships slowly took to the air and winged eastward. This was a great day for Joe and he thrilled to the roar of the towing plane's motors in his ears. They were approaching their destination now and Jap pom pom guns spat up viciously at them from below. But there was little to fear from that source, for Joe knew that their great fleet was soon to swing in a large arc and strike a strong base in almost the opposite direction. There could be no tip-off of this attack from those watching the armada below. Now they were over their point of attack. From the first plane, grim faced fighters launched into space on their chutes and drifted like huge white flowers earthward. Joe was just about to leap when it happened. Suddenly from a hundred different points about the island machine guns

opened up and raked the skies above with a hellish barrage of lead. Paratroopers convulsed in their chutes and reached the ground dead. Scores of guns tore the sky with their shells blasting gliders into shreds before their crews could leap. Terror written across his face, Joe stepped out into the rushing air. Below him death and destruction rocked the island but there was no turning back now. Whatever had caused the terrible mistake in military planning could not be remedied now.

Down through the sea of bullets Joe fell—gritting his teeth, praying that he could hit the ground before one with his name on it came by. But he didn't. Scarcely fifty feet off the ground a sweeping fifty caliber machine gun cut in front of him. His body jerked once, twice . . . and then his head slumped forward and he hit the ground to remain still forever. Joe never would know that his brother Tom had been the cause of his death.

Tom Marvin didn't know that he had committed a crime. All he had done was to tell the fellows down at the bowling alley about his brother Joe's letter from camp. Why shouldn't he? They were all Joe's friends too. And all the letter said was that Tom wouldn't be hearing from Joe for awhile and not to worry. Naturally the fellows talked about that and what it meant. It was quite natural to assume that Joe and his paratroop outfit were on their way to active combat somewhere in the South Pacific. A couple of them told other friends about it . . . in Dave's diner . . . on the bus . . . in the crowd waiting to get into the movies Saturday night . . . and somewhere along the line an enemy agent overheard someone talking about Joe . . . and reported it to headquarters along with a dozen other bits of loose talk he had overheard. So now the Japs knew that a paratroop outfit was on the move

in the Pacific. That meant an attack somewhere, soon. They put this bit of information together with a lot of other little bits and pieces they had gathered patiently from all over the country . . . and with what they knew of the situation in the war zone . . . they figured out just where the attack was going to be . . . and when.

When Joe Marvin and other paratroopers drifted down out of the sky and were blasted to bits like so many clay pigeons they never dreamed that Joe's letter home had caused it. They would have thought it fantastic that Tom's mere mention of Joe's letter could cause thousands of Japs to build defenses, bring up scores of anti-aircraft guns and change their strategy for weeks. But that is what happened.

Army and Navy intelligence have done a good job cleaning out spies in this country . . . there are only a few of them left. And those few can't get into guarded rooms where secret plans are made. They can't sail on war cargo ships, or troop ships. But they can hang around bowling alleys and theatre lobbies. They can ride in crowded buses and trains. They can listen, listen, listen for little bits and snatches of loose talk that aren't important in themselves, but are important when fitted together with other little seemingly unimportant bits. . . . Important to the enemy because little facts about the war may reveal big war plans and defeat them.

ADMIRAL ERNEST J. KING, Commander in Chief of the U. S. Fleet says: "Keeping quiet about bits of information that may seem unimportant is going to be quite a job for us. But when you think of what could happen if we don't . . . it shouldn't be too hard. And all of us in the services are depending on **YOU TO THINK BEFORE YOU TALK.**"

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

the CASE OF THE **TELL-TALE WATCH**

ONCE UPON A TIME IN CARBONDALE, PENNSYLVANIA, IN 1890 TO BE EXACT, THERE WAS A BEAUTIFUL WATCH—THIS GREAT GOLDEN WATCH BELONGED TO A BANK TELLER, AND HE WAS VERY VERY PROUD OF IT!

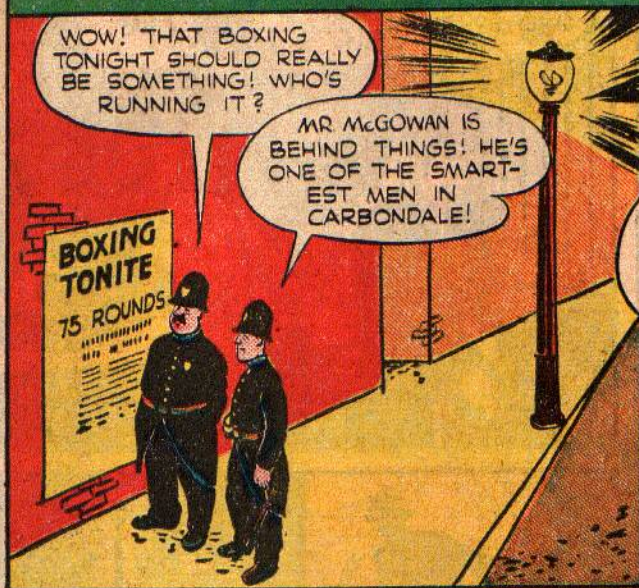
A
TRUE
STORY



SURE THING! I WOULDN'T MISS THEM FOR THE WORLD. WE DON'T HAVE MANY BOXING MATCHES HERE IN CARBONDALE!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

NOW, CARBONDALE WAS A SMALL TOWN—THERE WERE ONLY SEVEN POLICE OFFICERS—AND OF COURSE, THEY DIDN'T WANT TO MISS THE FIGHTS EITHER!



WOW! THAT BOXING TONITE SHOULD REALLY BE SOMETHING! WHO'S RUNNING IT?

MR MCGOWAN IS BEHIND THINGS! HE'S ONE OF THE SMARTEST MEN IN CARBONDALE!

WELL, LET'S LOOK IN ON THIS SMART BUSINESS MAN, MR. MCGOWAN...

ENJOY THE FIGHTS DEAR! I'LL BE BACK LATE TONIGHT!

IT'S A SHAME YOU HAVE BUSINESS THE VERY EVENING THE BOXING MATCHES YOU SPONSORED ARE GOING ON!



WELL, THAT'S LIFE! THE TOWNFOLK WILL ENJOY THEMSELVES ANYWAY! GOODNIGHT!



ALL SET?

RIGHT! LET'S HEAD UPTOWN!



THE FIGHTS ARE JUST STARTING! WE'LL WAIT ANOTHER FIVE MINUTES TO BE SURE!

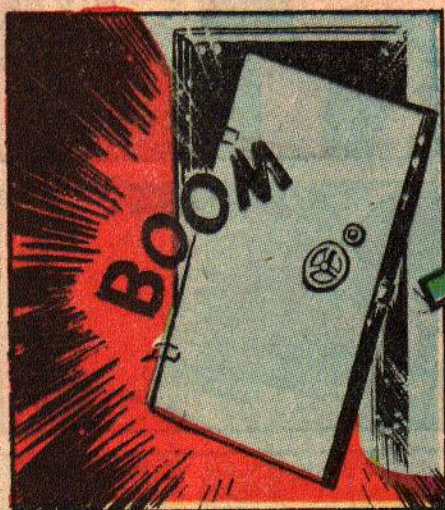
MCGOWAN, YOU'RE A GENIUS! EVERY COP IN TOWN WILL BE THERE—THERE WON'T BE A SOUL TO SEE US!



REMEMBER—PUT PLENTY OF MOLASSES OVER THE GLASS BEFORE YOU BREAK IT IN—THAT WILL DEADEN THE NOISE!

SURE THING! THERE'S NO ONE AROUND TOWN TO HEAR THE NOISE NOW, ANYWAY!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



AND SO CAME THE DAWN...



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE TOWN WAS HORRIFIED—AND THE POLICE WERE HUMILIATED!

WE'RE A BUNCH OF BLASTED FOOLS! WHILE WE WHISTLED AND SHOUTED AT THE BOXING MATCHES, THEM CROOKS CALMLY BLEW THEMSELVES TO FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!



IT MUST HAVE BEEN A BAND OF OUTSIDE MOBSTERS! EVERYONE WAS AT THE FIGHTS!

A LOWDOWN TRICK TO KILL THE FIRST FUN WE'VE HAD IN CARBONDALE IN AGES!



AND OF COURSE THE HONORABLE MR. MCGOWAN PLAYED HIS PART WELL.

THE BRILLIANT POLICE OF OUR TOWN WILL RUN THESE CULPRITS DOWN! I VOW IT!



MY, MY, WHAT A TAKE! WHAT'S THIS—A GOLD WATCH! HMM...MUST HAVE BELONGED TO ONE OF THE TELLERS. OH, WELL, IT MAY COME IN HANDY SOME DAY!



WHILE AT HOME HE HAD AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT VIEW!

...BUT WAIT—FATE IS CREEPING UP ON OUR CLEVER MR. MCGOWAN...

HEY, POP, I'M GOING TO SCHOOL! SO LONG!



AND AT SCHOOL, THE LITTLE FLAW WIDENED IN MCGOWAN'S DEFENSE.

JUST WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING WITH, ROBERT MCGOWAN? BRING IT UP HERE AT ONCE!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



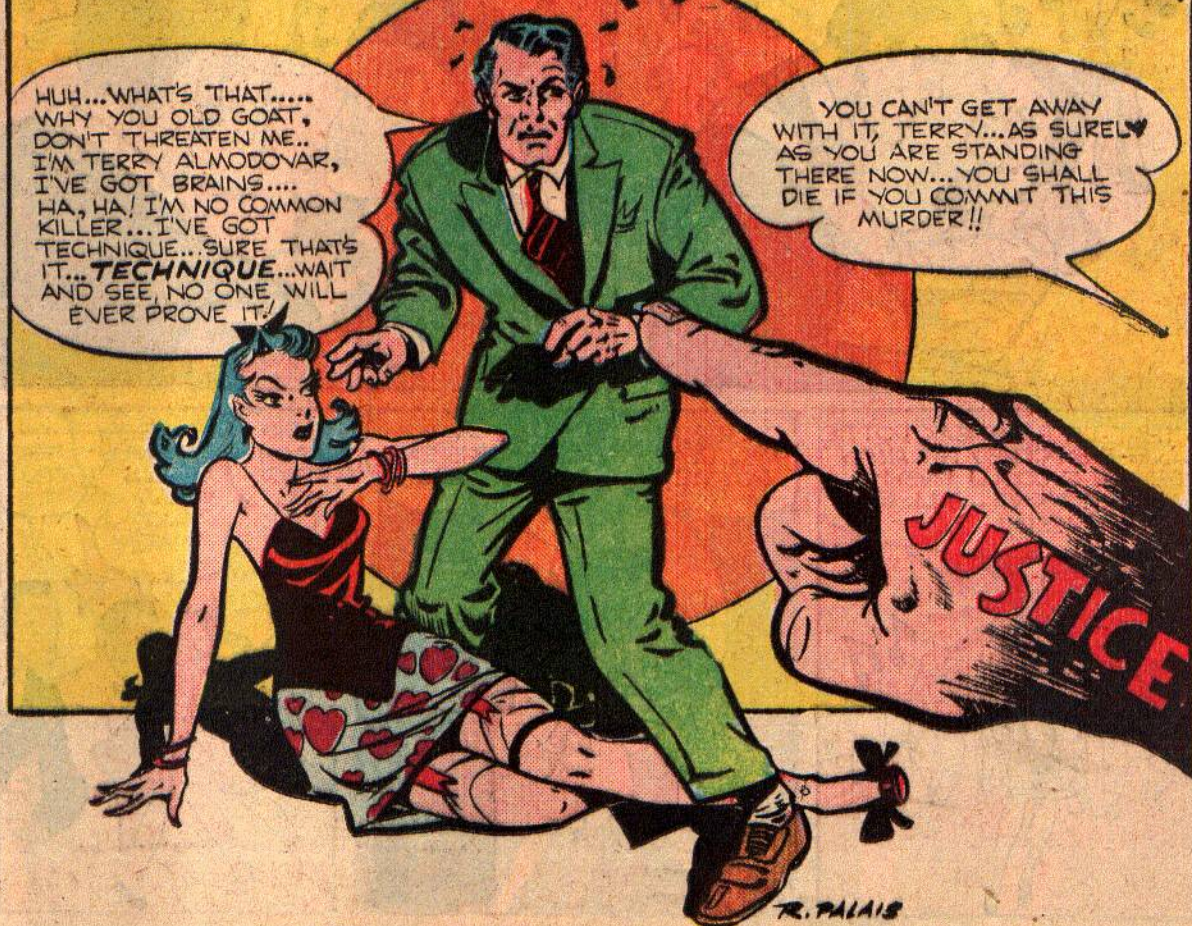
I'LL SAY IT
DOESN'T!

"CRIME
DOES
NOT
PAY!"



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

the CRIME of TERRY ALMODOVAR



HARSH TALK FOR A YOUNG FELLOW, EH!....
LET'S LOOK INTO TERRY'S SO CALLED
"TECHNIQUE" A LITTLE MORE.....

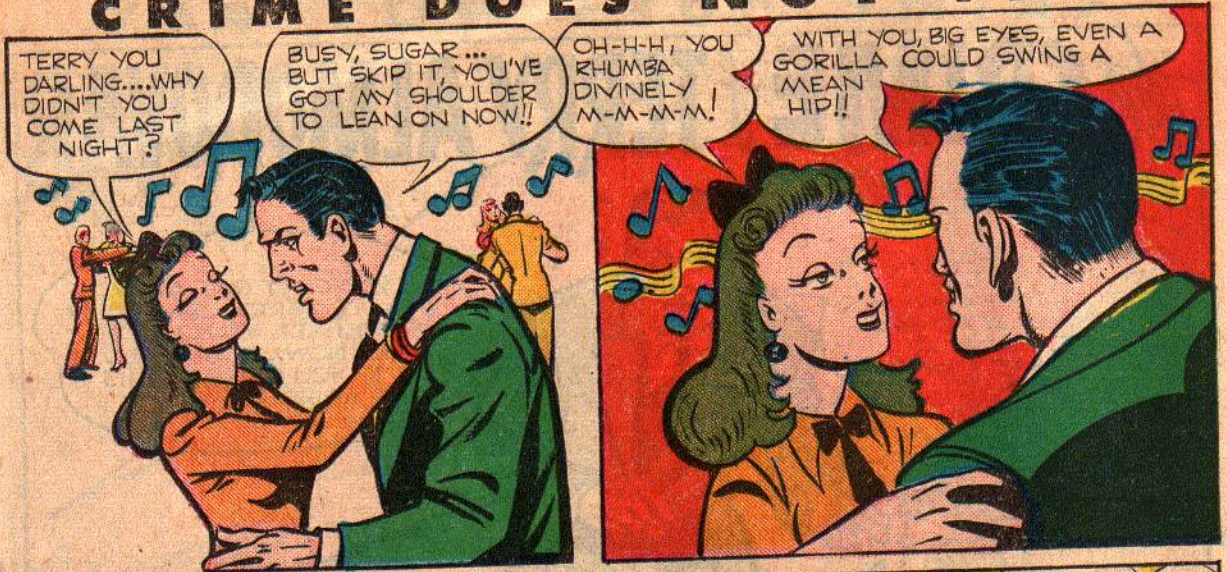


YEAH, MINE TOO...I COULD PUSH THAT PRETTY FACE INTO A NICE MUD PILE WITH A LITTLE EXERCISE!

THERE'S SOMETHING PHONEY ABOUT ANYONE THAT CAN DANCE LIKE THAT BIRD..... HE'S TOO SMOOTH FOR MY DOUGH!!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



C'MON HONEY
IT'S TOO HOT
AROUND HERE
...WE'LL HAVE
A CHAT IN
PRIVATE!!

YOU NAME
IT, FELLOW!!



TERRY, PLEASE
COME HOME
WITH ME AT
ONCE!!

RUN ALONG HOME, MRS.
ALMODOVAR...TERRY
MAY BE YOUR HUSBAND
BUT HE'S MY PARTER
RIGHT NOW!!

WHAT
ARE
YOU
DOING
HERE?



IF THAT'S THE
WAY YOU BOTH
WANT IT.....
KEEP HIM!

OH-H-H!!



TERRY...ARE
YOU GOING
TO LET HER
DO THAT?

QUET!

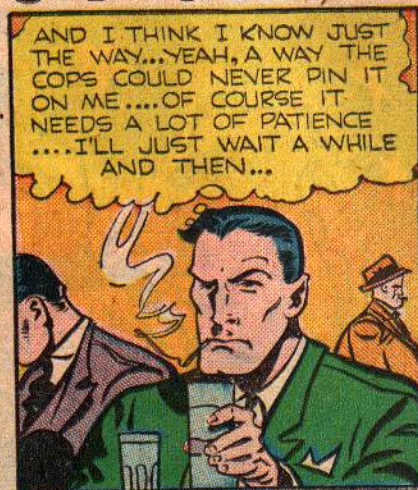


TERRY,
TERRY!

GO DANCE WITH
YERSELF...I GOT
BUSINESS!!



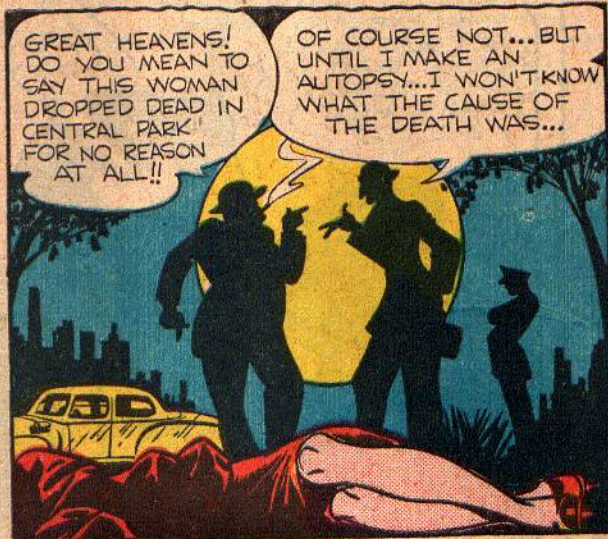
CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



TWELVE HOURS LATER... ENTER THE POLICE....



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE POLICE DID GET TO WORK...



ALRIGHT...ALMODOVAR, YOU MIGHT AS WELL CONFESS...YOU'VE GOT SCRATCHES ON YOUR HANDS ...YOUR WIFE FOUGHT WITH ONE OF YOUR GIRL FRIENDS!



...AND THIS POWDER WAS FOUND IN YOUR ROOM....THE VERY SAME KIND THAT IS MISSING FROM YOUR WIFE'S POCKETBOOK!!

I DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT IT...IF YOU CAN'T PROVE I KILLED HER...WHY BOTHER ME?



THAT DEVIL...I'D SWEAR HE KNOCKED HER OFF! ..STILL THE SLENDER EVIDENCE WON'T CONVICT HIM AND HE KNOWS IT!

WE'LL JUST HOLD HIM IN CUSTODY... MAYBE SOMETHING WILL TURN UP!

FOR WEEKS AUTHORITIES WORKED DESPERATELY TO FIND MORE EVIDENCE AGAINST TERRY...THEN....

ALL RIGHT YOU NEWSHOUNDS ...YOU CAN PUT IN YOUR PAPERS THAT ALMODOVAR IS STANDING TRIAL FOR THE MURDER OF HIS WIFE!

WHAT.... HOLY HANNAH! ..AND ON THE LITTLE EVIDENCE YOU'VE GOT...?



THE CHIEF'S SLIPPED A CYLINDER...WHY THE JURY WON'T HAVE TO LEAVE THE BOY TO ACQUIT ALMODOVAR!

I DON'T GET IT...THERE IS NO REAL PROOF THAT HE DID IT!



AND MEANWHILE TERRY WAS THINKING THE NEWS OVER....

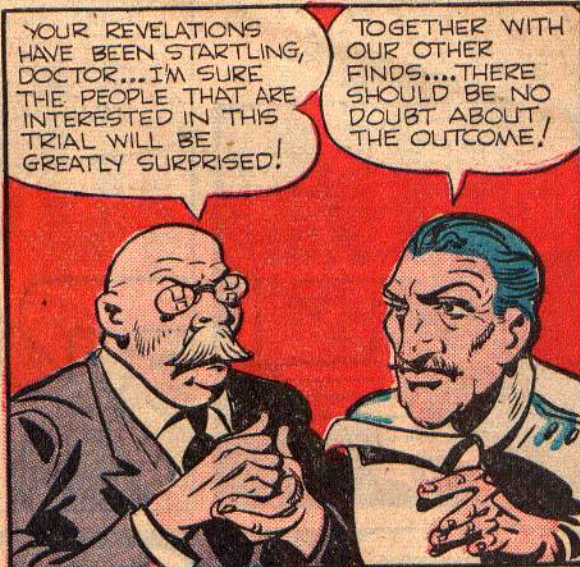
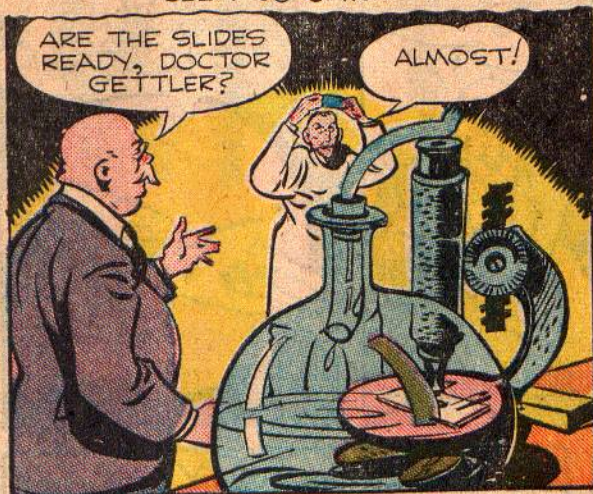
WHY THE LUG HEADS PUTTING ME UP FOR MURDER....DIDN'T MAKE ONE MISTAKE...THEY'LL NEVER PROVE IT... THEY'VE ALREADY GONE OVER ME WITH A COMB...LOOKED FOR SKIN UNDER MY NAILS AND DIDN'T FIND A THING... LET THEM TRY!!



SURE LET THEM TRY... WHEN THE JURY SAYS NOT GUILTY...I'LL LAUGH RIGHT IN THEIR FACES... THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO!!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

BUT HAD TERRY SEEN WHAT WAS GOING ON BEHIND THE SCENES HE MIGHT NOT HAVE BEEN SO GAY...



AT THE TIME OF THE TRIAL ALMODOVAR WAS CONFIDENT...



SLOWLY THE TRIAL MOVES ALONG... ALL EVIDENCE IS WEAK... TERRY SMILES... JUSTICE FROWNS...



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

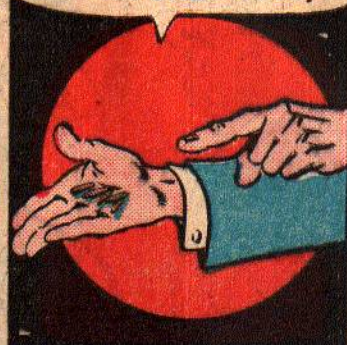
BEFORE THE EYES OF THE STARTLED JURY, THE DOCTOR AND PROFESSOR TAKE THE STAND....



THESE SEEDS ARE FOUND ONLY IN CENTRAL PARK! FROM THEIR GROWTH, THEY COULD NOT BE MORE THAN THREE WEEKS OLD!



...AND GENTLEMEN THESE SEEDS WERE FOUND IN THE DEFENDANT'S TROUSER CUFF...THE MAN WHO HAS NOT BEEN IN CENTRAL PARK IN TWO YEARS!



WOW! WHAT A STORY... HIS GOOSE IS COOKED!

I'LL SAY!



IT'S A LIE... YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME... BLAST THE SEEDS AND THE DIRT!

WAIT AND SEE, FRESH KID!!



LET GO OF ME!

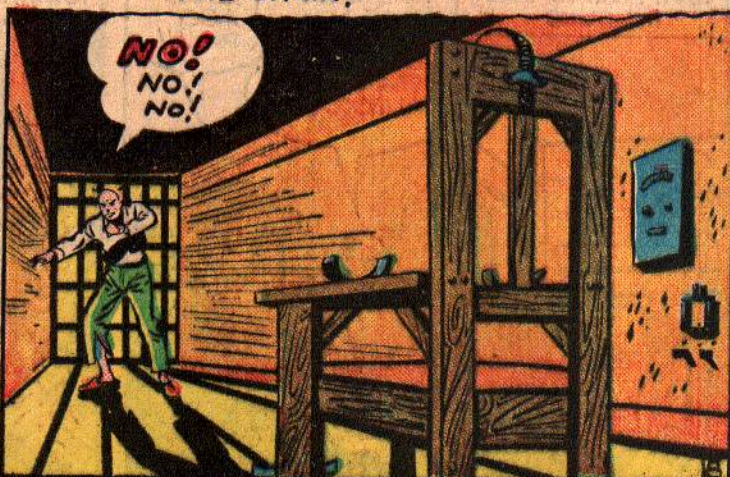
HOLD HIM TIGHT!

CRAWLING LIKE A RAT!!



AND THUS IT WAS THAT ANOTHER KILLER WITH THE WOULD-BE PERFECT CRIME TECHNIQUE FACES..... THE CHAIR!

NO!
NO!
NO!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

WHO DUNNIT

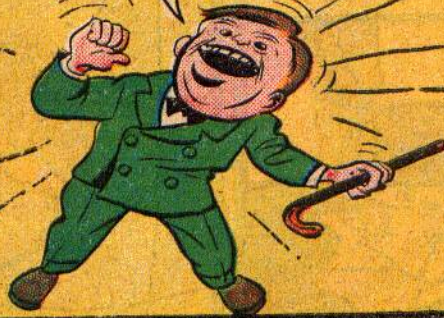
OR THE CASE OF THE

MAD MIDGET

IT'S HAPPENING!!
NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!! I'LL
BE RUINED!! BUT ... IT IS
HAPPENING TO ME!!!
HA HA HA HA!!!

SEE IF YOU CAN
SOLVE THIS CASE..
SEE IF YOU CAN
DISCOVER
WHODUNNIT
AND...
HOW?

FROM THE
CRIME
NOTEBOOK
OF
DICK
BRIEFER



This ACTUALLY HAPPENED...
THERE WAS A VERY SUCCESS-
FUL MIDGET. HE WAS MIGHTY
PROSPEROUS BECAUSE HE WAS
MIGHTY
SMALL..

SMALLEST
MAN IN THE
WORLD



..But ONE DAY HE CAME
DOWN WITH SOME KIND OF
ILLNESS AND HE WAS CON-
FINED TO BED.

YOU'LL BE
O.K., MITE.

MY
BONES
FEEL FUNNY.



..And LO AND BEHOLD, HIS
ILLNESS EFFECTED A GREAT
CHANGE --FOR HE GREW TO
BE SIX FEET TALL!!

I--GUESS--
I'VE GROWN!
AND I'M
RUINED!! I'LL
NEVER MAKE
ANOTHER CENT
AS A MIDGET!!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

That incident really did occur! But when Midge, the smallest midget in show business heard about it, he just laughed it off, like this:

HA HA! WHAT A GAG!! HOW COULD A GUY LIKE ME GROW TO BE A SIX-FOOTER?? BOSH!

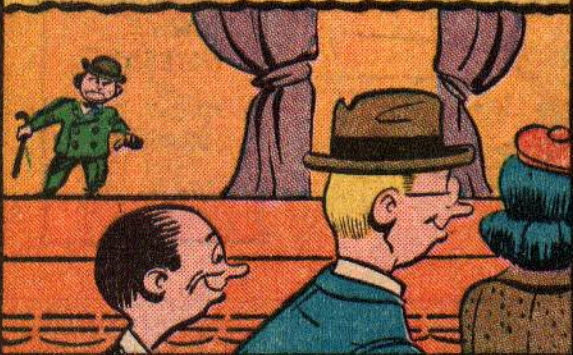


YES, MIDGE, IT'S AUTHENTIC. THERE ARE MANY CASES WHERE MIDGETS HAVE GROWN SUDDENLY, AND THEIR CONTRACTS WERE CANCELED.

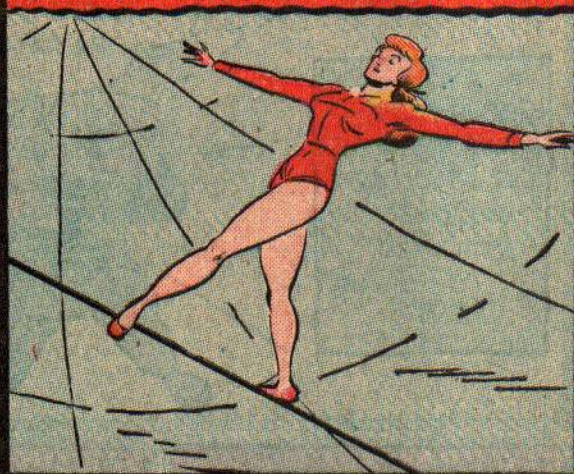
DOC, IS THAT STRAIGHT? Y'MEAN I GOTTA WORRY ABOUT GROWIN' NOW?? GOSH!



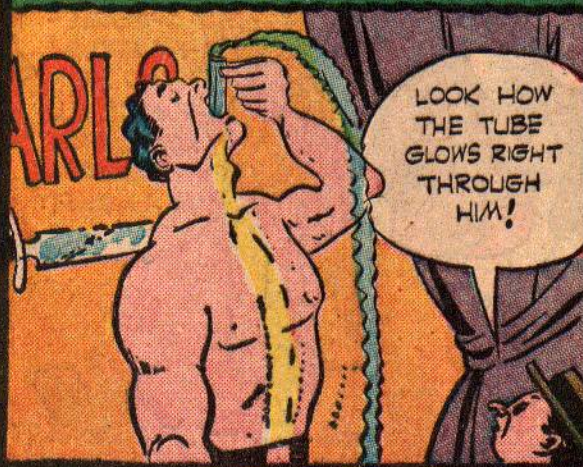
Well, MIDGE IS QUITE AN ATTRACTION AT THE CARNIVAL, UNTIL HE FINDS THE CROWDS WANDERING AWAY FROM HIM TO WATCH THE OTHER PERFORMERS----



...like SANDRA THE TIGHT-ROPE WALKER...



...And CARLO THE SWORD AND NEON TUBE SWALLOWER...



...And MYSTO THE MAGICIAN, WHOSE SAWING-A-WOMAN-IN-HALF ACT CREATES QUITE A SENSATION...



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

And OF COURSE, MIDGE DOESN'T LIKE THE DECLINE IN HIS POPULARITY.

I'LL DO SOMETHING TO QUEER THEIR ACTS! THEN ONCE AGAIN I'LL BE THE HIT OF THE SHOW!



SO AFTER CLOSING TIME ONE NIGHT, MIDGE HANGS AROUND, A DEVILISH SCHEME BREWING IN HIS BLACK BRAIN.

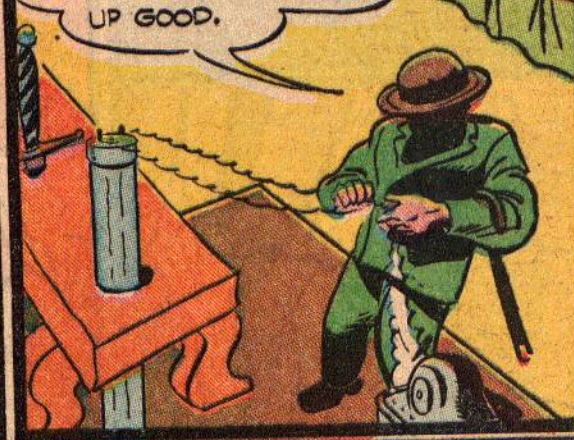
YES SIR--I'LL DO SOMETHING, AND THIS IS THE TIME. SANDRA, CARLO, MYSTO--BAD LUCK IS GOING TO BEFALL YOU!!



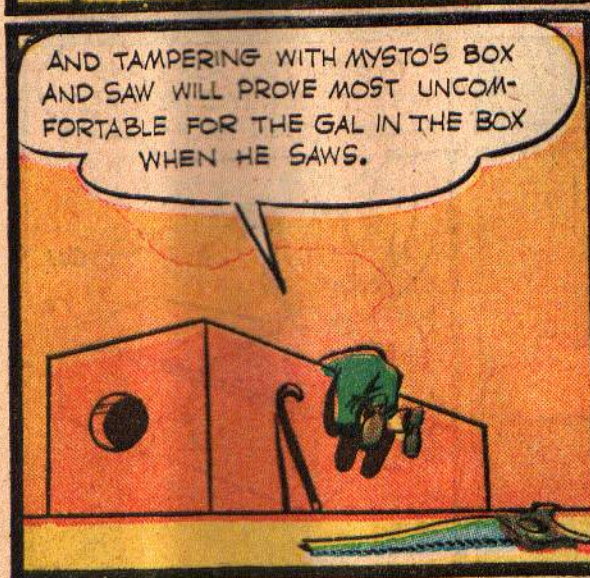
CUTTING THROUGH A FEW STRANDS OF SANDRA'S WIRE WILL NOT BE HEALTHY FOR HER.



CROSSING WIRES ON CARLO'S NEON TUBE WILL FIX HIM UP GOOD.



AND TAMPERING WITH MYSTO'S BOX AND SAW WILL PROVE MOST UNCOMFORTABLE FOR THE GAL IN THE BOX WHEN HE SAWS.



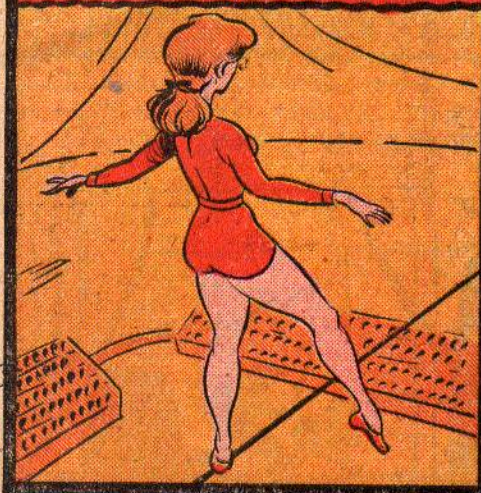
SAY, MIDGE! YOU STILL HERE? GO ON HOME AND GET SOME SLEEP. MAYBE IT'LL MAKE YOU GROW!

GROW!!?? WHATAYA TRYIN' TO DO, JINX ME? I'M NOT GONNA GROW!

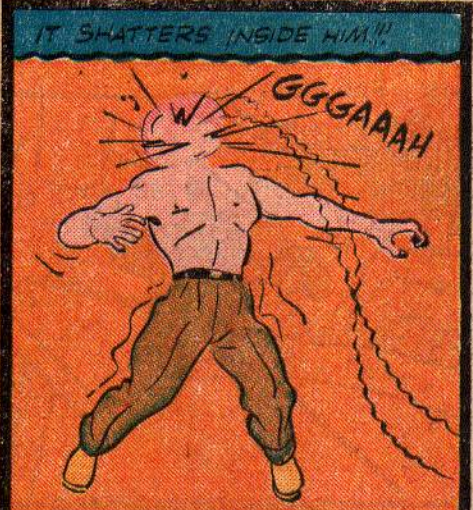
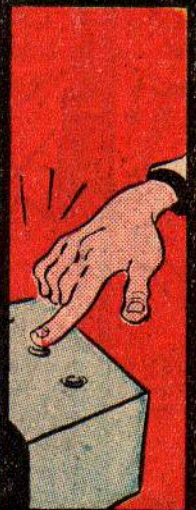
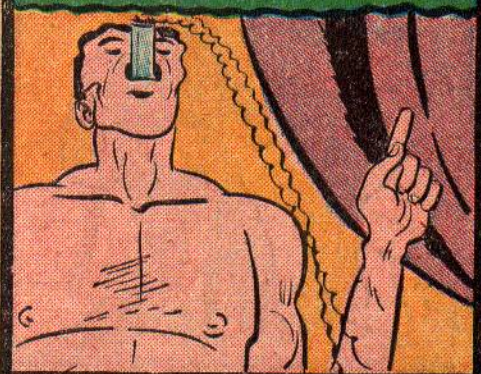


CRIME DOES NOT PAY

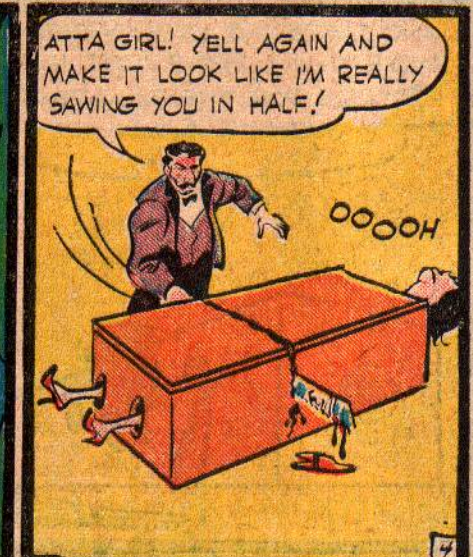
Well, THINGS GO EXACTLY AS
MIDGE FIGURED. NEXT DAY...



Carlo PLUNGES A NEON TUBE
DOWN HIS STOMACH AND GIVES
THE SIGNAL FOR THE LIGHT TO
BE SWITCHED ON.



And MYSTO STARTS HIS ACT..



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE NET RESULTS OF MIDGE'S SCHEME ARE AS FOLLOWS: SANDRA IS CRIPPLED FOR LIFE.



CARLO IS IN THE HOSPITAL, SLOWLY DYING OF INTERNAL EXPLOSIONS.



...AND HELENA, THE GIRL WHO WAS SAWED, WON'T FEEL TOO GOOD FOR THE REST OF HER DAYS.



THE JANITOR, WHO SAW MIDGE THE NIGHT BEFORE THE MISHAPS HAS A THEORY..

..NOW I KNOW THOSE SHADOWS I SAW AT SANDRA'S WIRE AND CARLO'S NEON TUBES AND YOUR BOX BELONG TO MIDGE. I SAY THOSE WERE NO ACCIDENTS... THEY WERE PLANNED BY THAT MIDGET DEVIL!



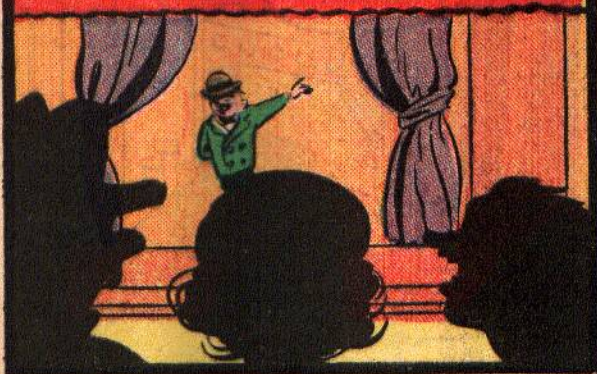
WE ALL HAVE BEEN RUINED PROFESSIONALLY AND YOU PHYSICALLY. WE CAN'T DEFINITELY ACCUSE MIDGE, BUT WE'LL PUT THE HEAT ON HIM. I WILL SAY THAT IF WE WERE CERTAIN HE WAS THE CAUSE OF THE TRAGEDY..

THEN THERE WOULD BE NONE OF US WHO WOULD NOT KILL HIM OUTRIGHT.



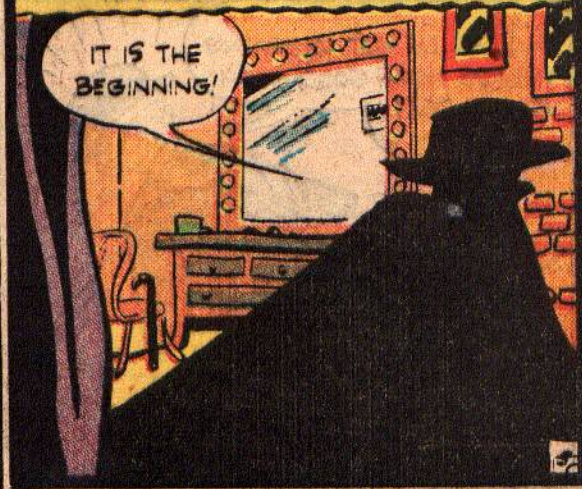
NOW OUR PLOT THICKENS. EACH HAS A GOOD REASON TO KILL MIDGE.

Well, with his rivals out of the way, MIDGE ONCE AGAIN ENJOYS THE HIGH SPOT OF THE SHOW.

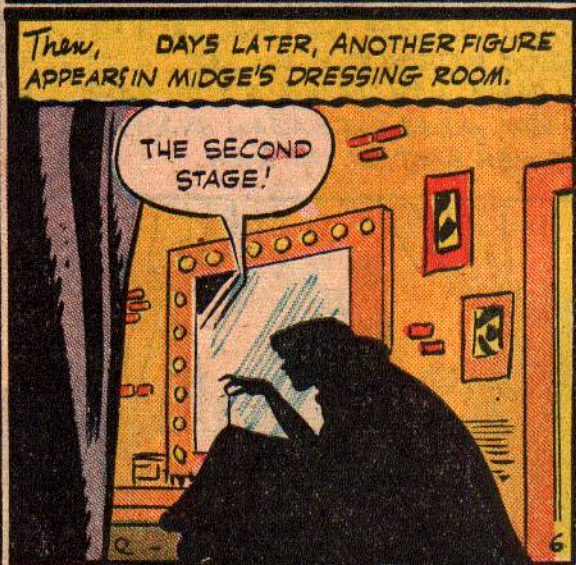
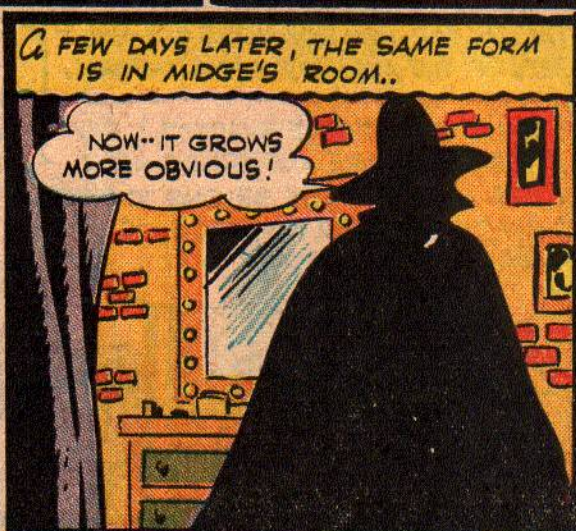
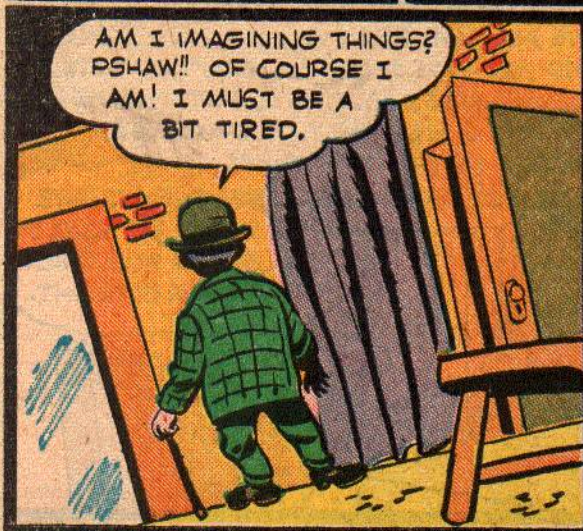
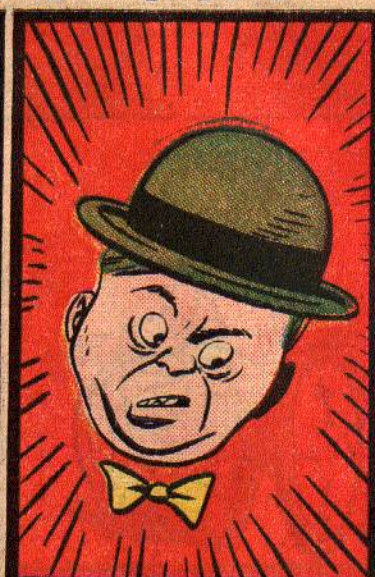


IN MIDGE'S DRESSING ROOM, THERE IS A CLOAKED FIGURE..

IT IS THE BEGINNING!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

Midge RETURNS TO HIS ROOM AND DRESSES.

NO! NO! NOW I'M SURE OF IT!!!

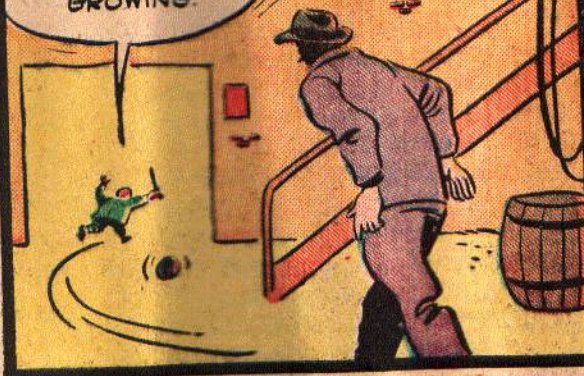


NOW I KNOW WHAT IT IS! YOU'RE TALLER! YOU'RE GROWING!!!



I'M NOT! I'M NOT! I'M NOT GROWING! I'M THE SMALLEST MIDGET IN THE WORLD! I'M NOT GROWING!

SURE YOU ARE, MIDGE!



WHY, HELLO, MIDGE! HOW'S TRICKS? JUST DROPPED BACK TO SEE THE BOSS. SURE TOUGH TRYING TO GET WORK AFTER-- AFTER THAT---

...AFTER YOU MESSED UP THAT TRICK? WHAT D'Y EXPECT?



SAY, MIDGE--YOU LOOK WORRIED ABOUT SOMETHING--AND YOU LOOK DIFFERENT--CHANGED. ANYTHING WRONG?

HUH? NO---NO-- NOTHING'S WRONG.



HELENA! YOU HERE TOO? HELENA--TELL ME--IS THERE ANYTHING DIFFERENT ABOUT ME? TELL ME!!

WHY, MIDGE-- YOU'RE TALLER!! YOU'VE GROWN-- UNLESS YOU'RE WEARING SHMADLER ESCALATOR SHOES THAT ADD TWO INCHES TO YOUR HEIGHT!



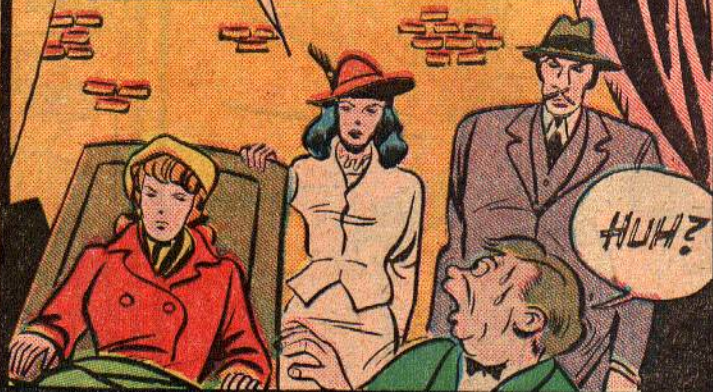
CRIME DOES NOT PAY

I'M A FRENZY, MIDGE RUSHES BACK TO HIS ROOM.

IT'S HAPPENING! I'M GROWING! I'M RUINED!! HA HA HA HA!!



HELLO AGAIN, MIDGE. WE JUST WANT TO TELL YOU THAT CARLO DIED THIS AFTERNOON. THAT SHATTERED NEON TUBE FINALLY GOT HIM!

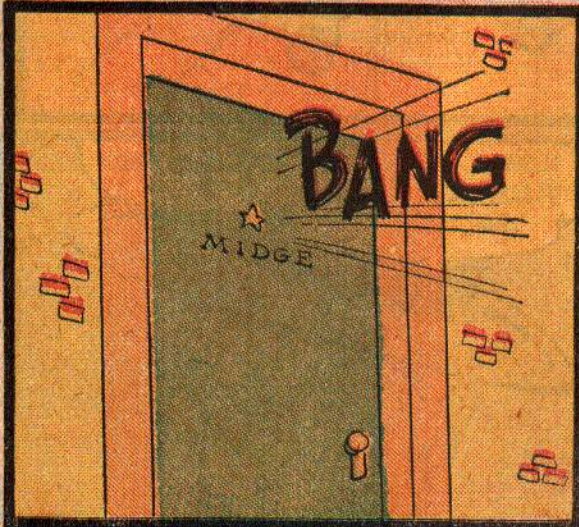
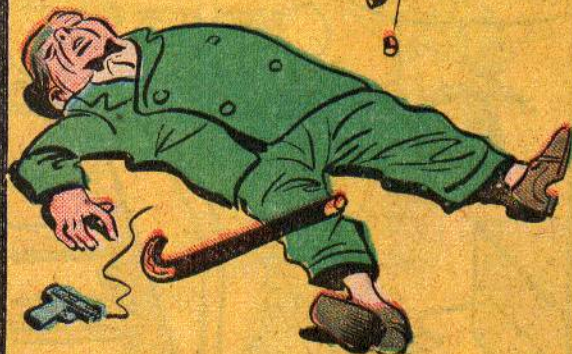


HUH?

I'M GLAD! I'M GLAD HE'S DEAD! I'M ONLY SORRY YOU'RE ALL NOT DEAD LIKE I HAD PLANNED!! FATE IS TAKING REVENGE!! BECAUSE I TRIED TO KILL YOU ALL, FATE IS RUINING ME BY MAKING ME GROW!! HA HA HA HA!!

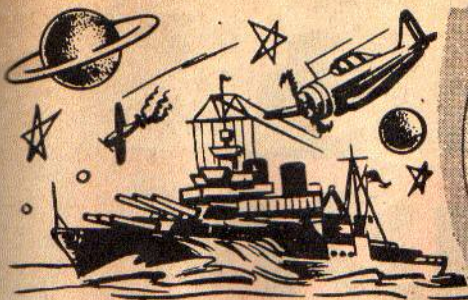


HERE YOU ARE, MIDGE. TAKE THESE TO THE DEVIL WITH YOU.



Now **WHODUNNIT?**
And **WHODUNWHAT???**

Solution to case of the Mad Midget
MIDGE, CRAZED BY THE THOUGHT THAT HE WAS GROWING, KILLED HIMSELF. ALSO, KNOWING THAT HIS VICTIMS HAD DISCOVERED HIS GUILT, HE REALIZED HE WAS LOST. *Conrad Victor Maudslayi-- Suicide.*
MIDGE GROWING? NONSENSE! SANDRA, HELENA AND MYSTO COOKED THAT ONE UP TO PUT THE HEAT ON HIM. MIDGE WAS SURE HE WAS GROWING BECAUSE BIT BY MYSTO CUT HIS CANE SHORTER AND HELENA SHORT- ENED HIS TROUSERS AND SLEEVES!!



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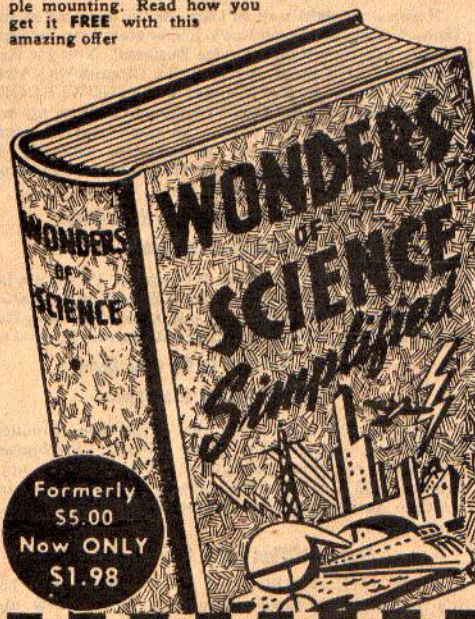
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